

The Spinster

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1973

The Spinster (1973)

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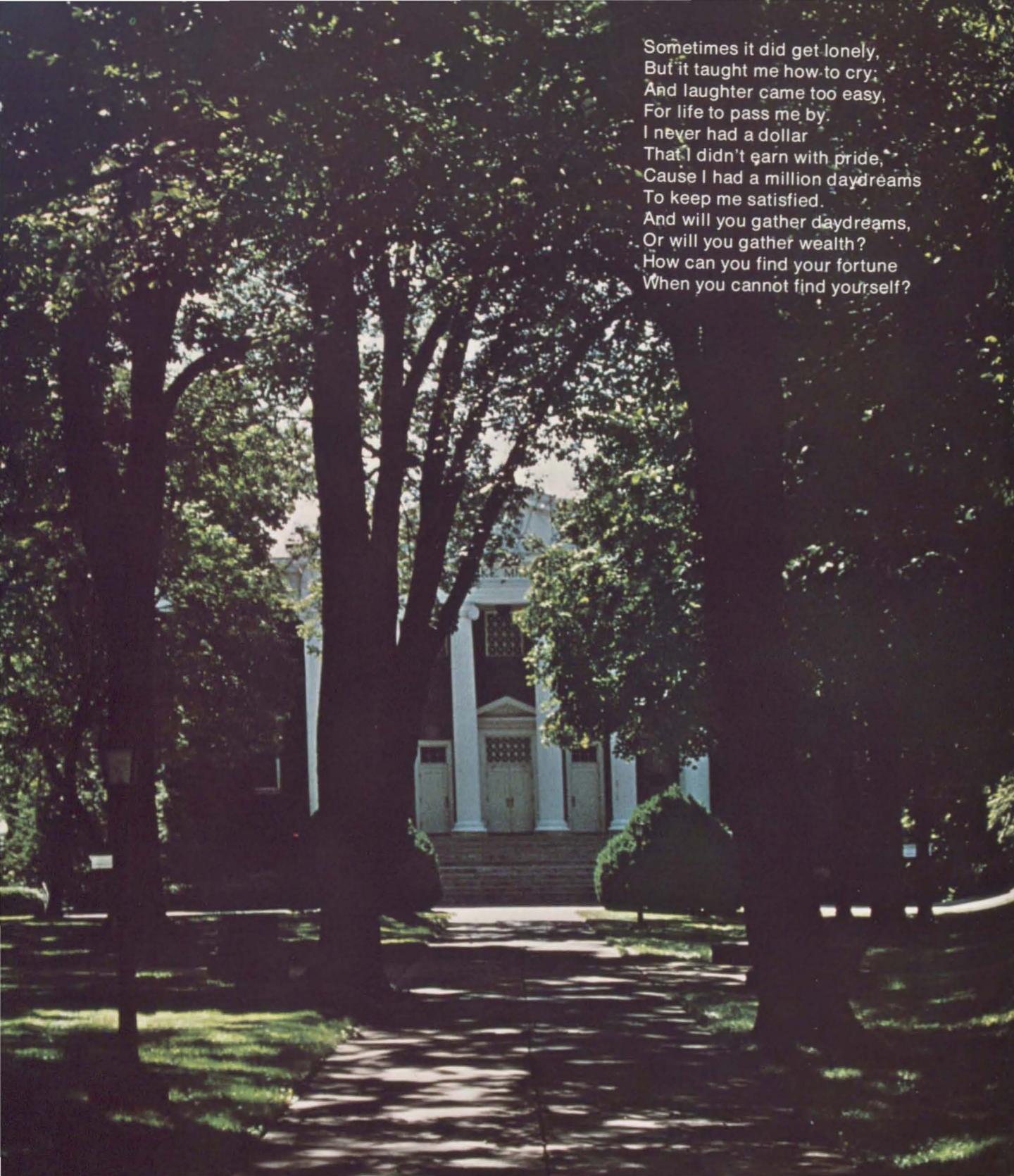


I'm standing at the doorway
My head down in my hands,
Not knowing where to sit,
Not knowing where I stand.

My father looms above me,
For him there is no rest.
My mother's arms enfold me
And hold me to her breast.
They say you've been out wondering,
They say you've traveled far,
Sit down young stranger
And tell us who you are.
The room has all gone misty,
My thoughts are all in spin —

Sit down young stranger,
And tell us where you've been.
Well, I've been out to the mountains,
I've walked down by the sea.
I never questioned no one
And no one's questioned me.
My love was given freely,
And oft times was returned.
I never came to borrow,
I only came to learn.

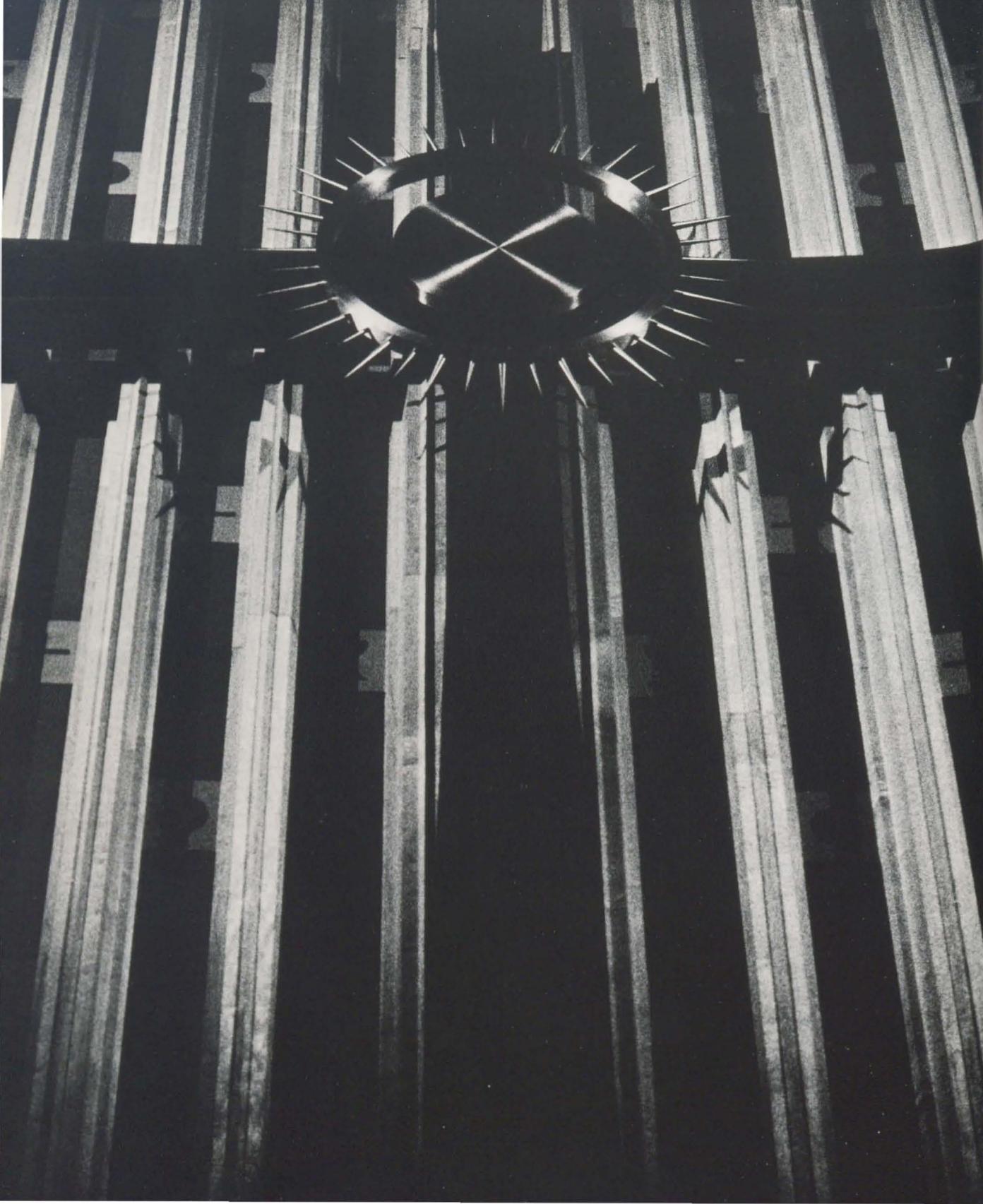




Sometimes it did get lonely,
But it taught me how to cry;
And laughter came too easy,
For life to pass me by.
I never had a dollar
That I didn't earn with pride,
Cause I had a million daydreams
To keep me satisfied.
And will you gather daydreams,
Or will you gather wealth?
How can you find your fortune
When you cannot find yourself?



My mother's eyes grow misty,
There's a trembling in her hand.
Sit down young stranger,
I do not understand.
And will you try and tell us
You've been too long at school,
That knowledge is not needed,
That power does not rule.
That war is not the answer,
That young men should not die.
Sit down young stranger,
I wait for your reply.



The answer is not easy,
For souls are not reborn.
To wear the crown of peace
You must wear the crown of thorns.
If Jesus had a reason,
I'm sure he would not tell,
They treated him so badly,
How could they wish him well?
The parlor now is empty,
There's nothing left to say.
My father has departed,
My mother's gone to pray.



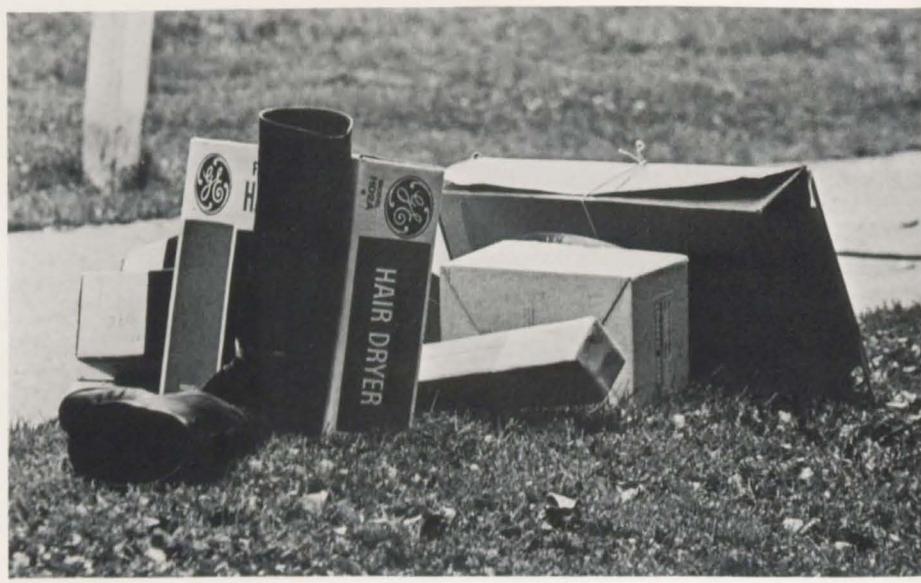
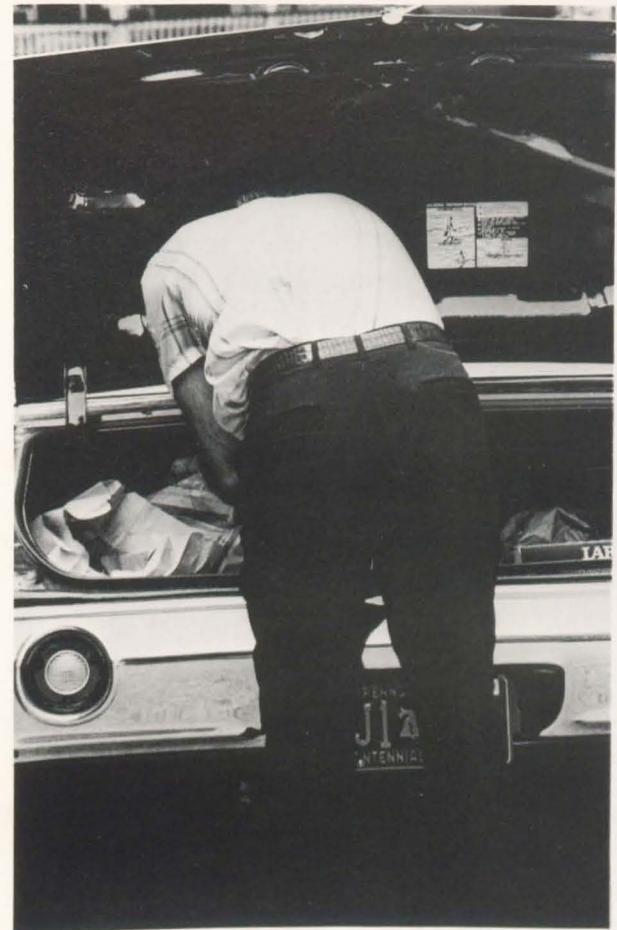


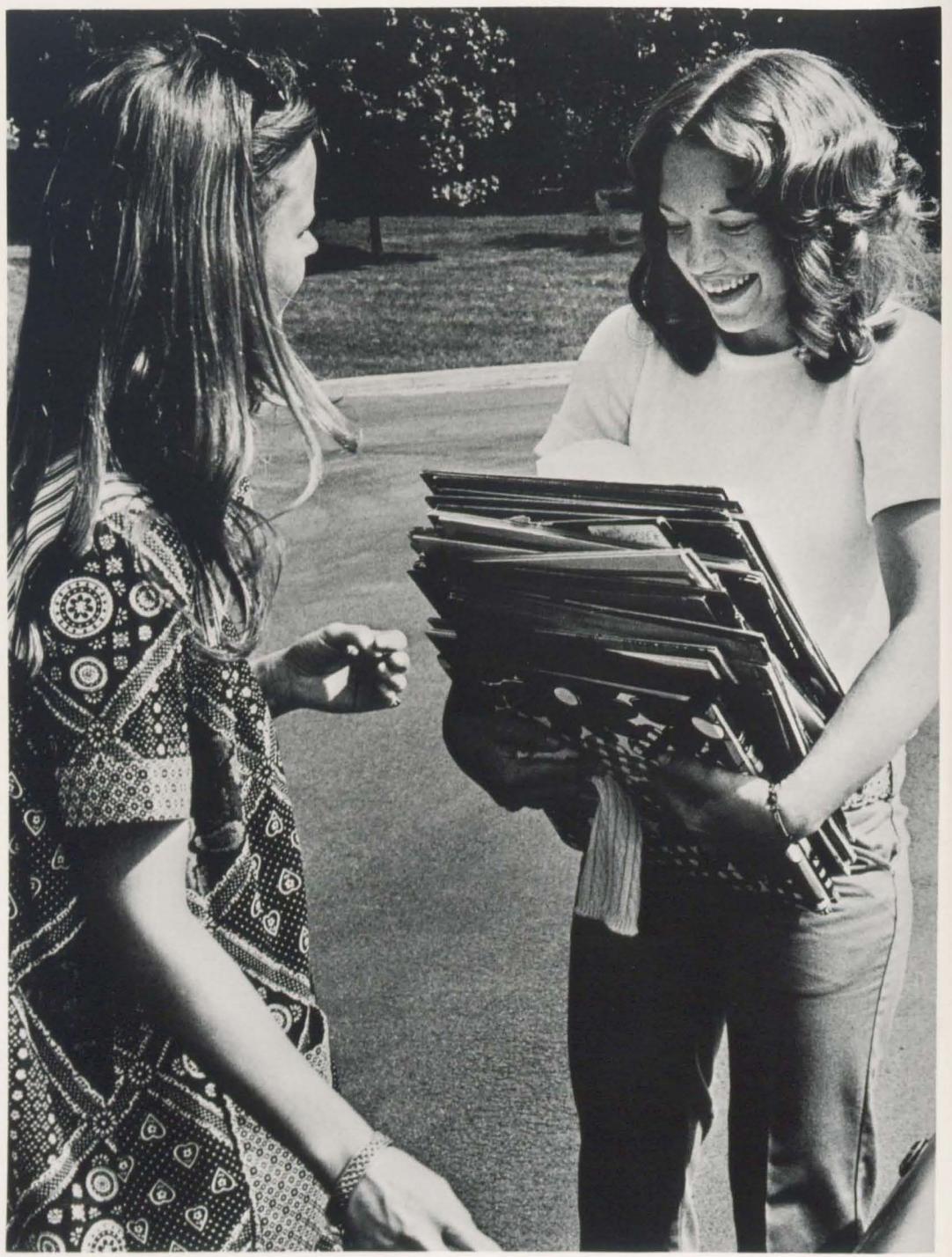
There's rockets in the meadows
And ships out on the sea.
The answer's in the forest
Carved upon a tree:
John loves Mary
Does anyone love me?

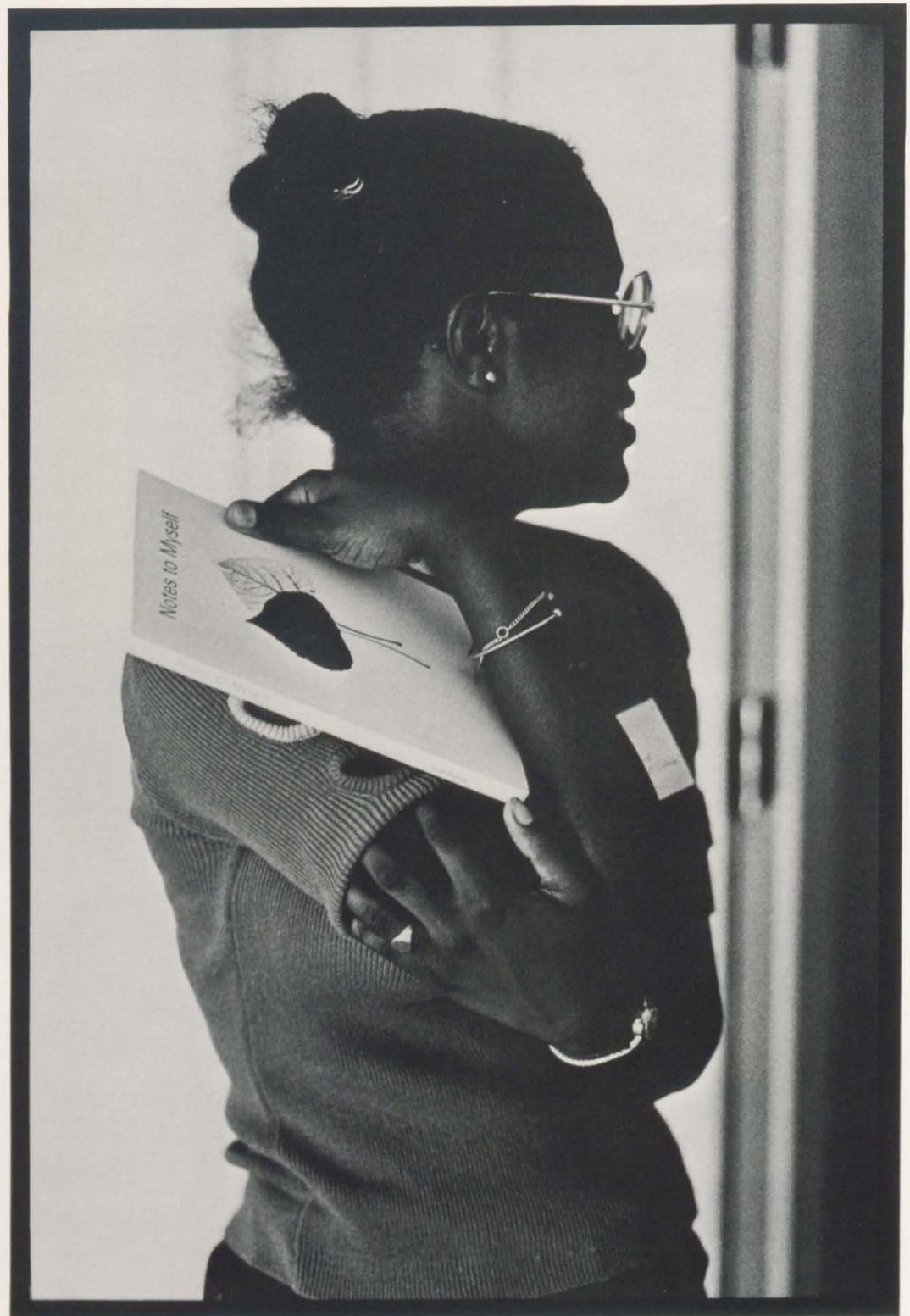
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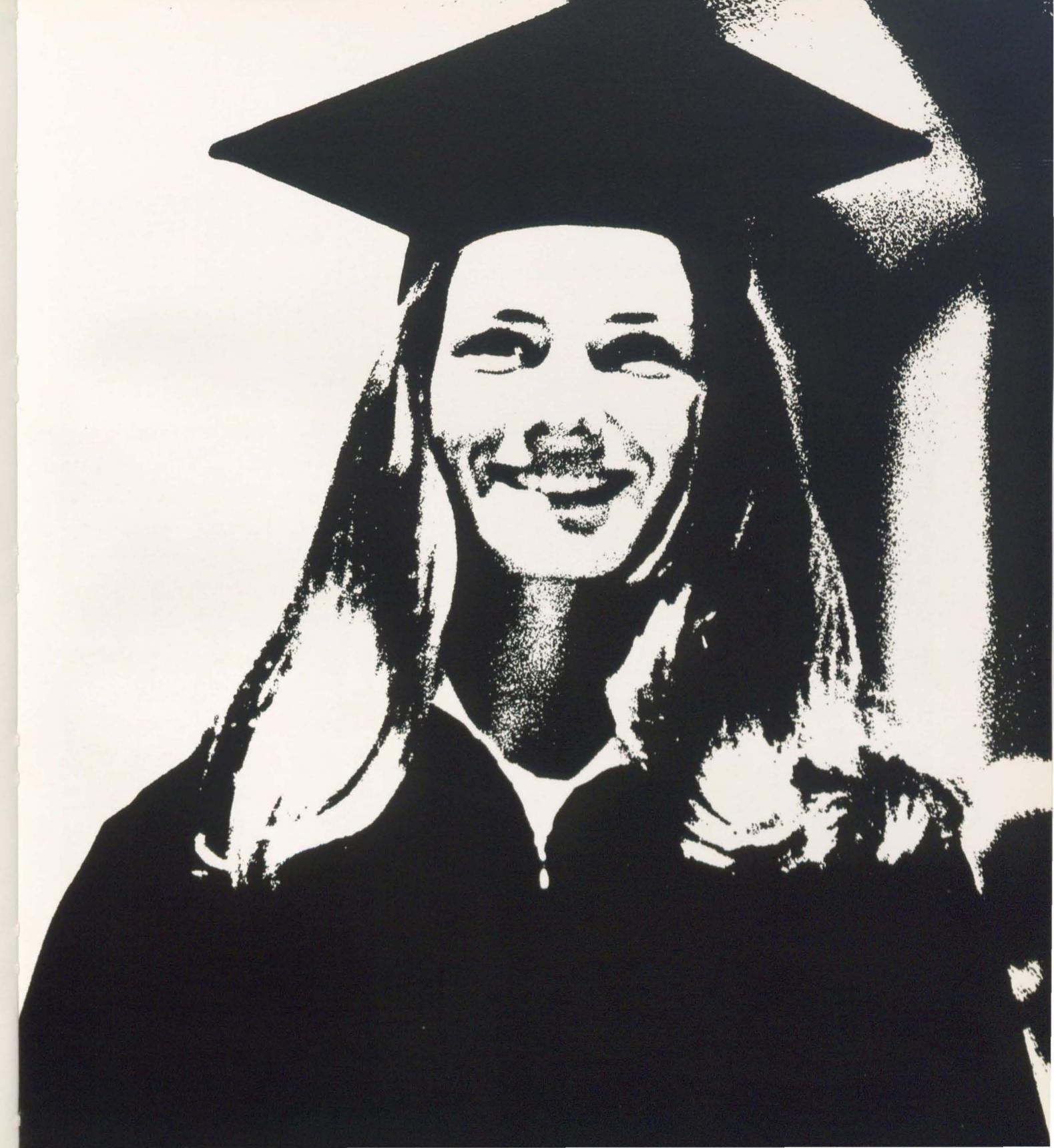
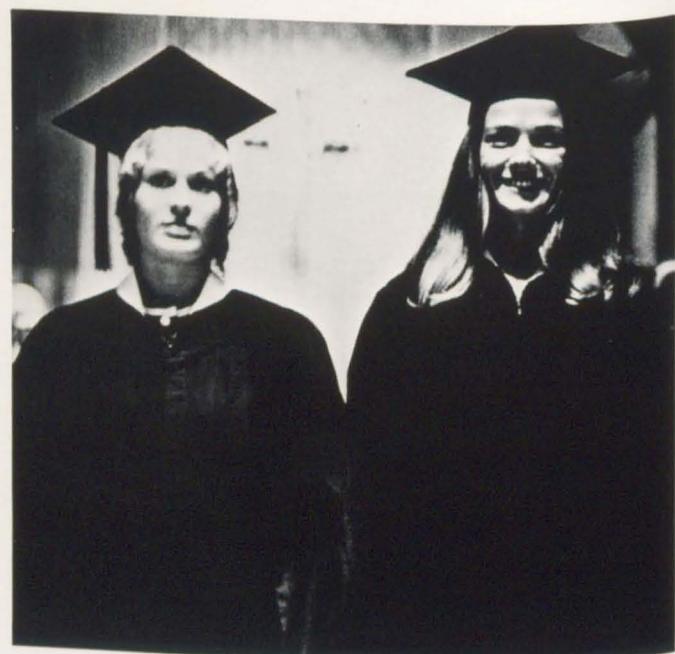




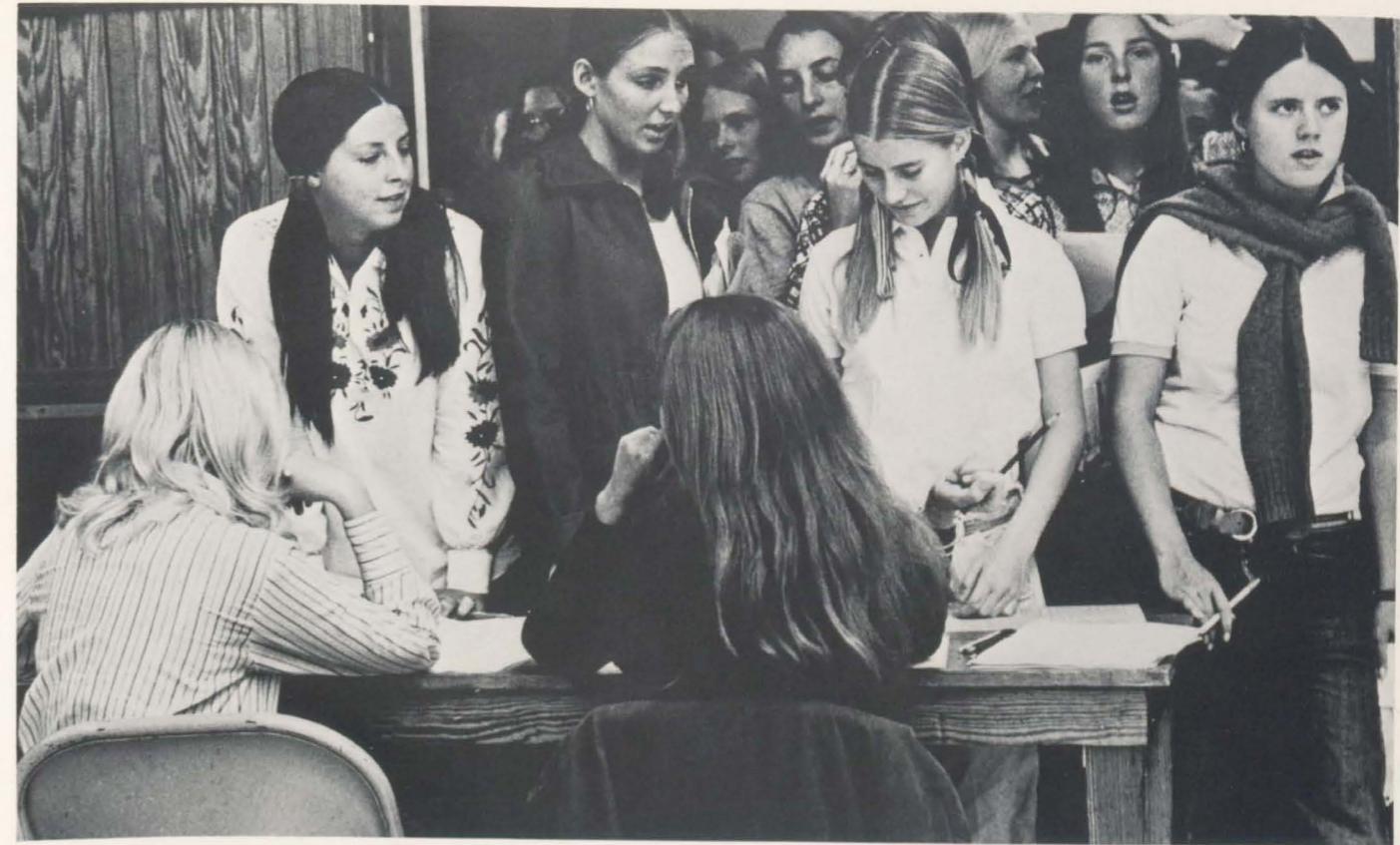
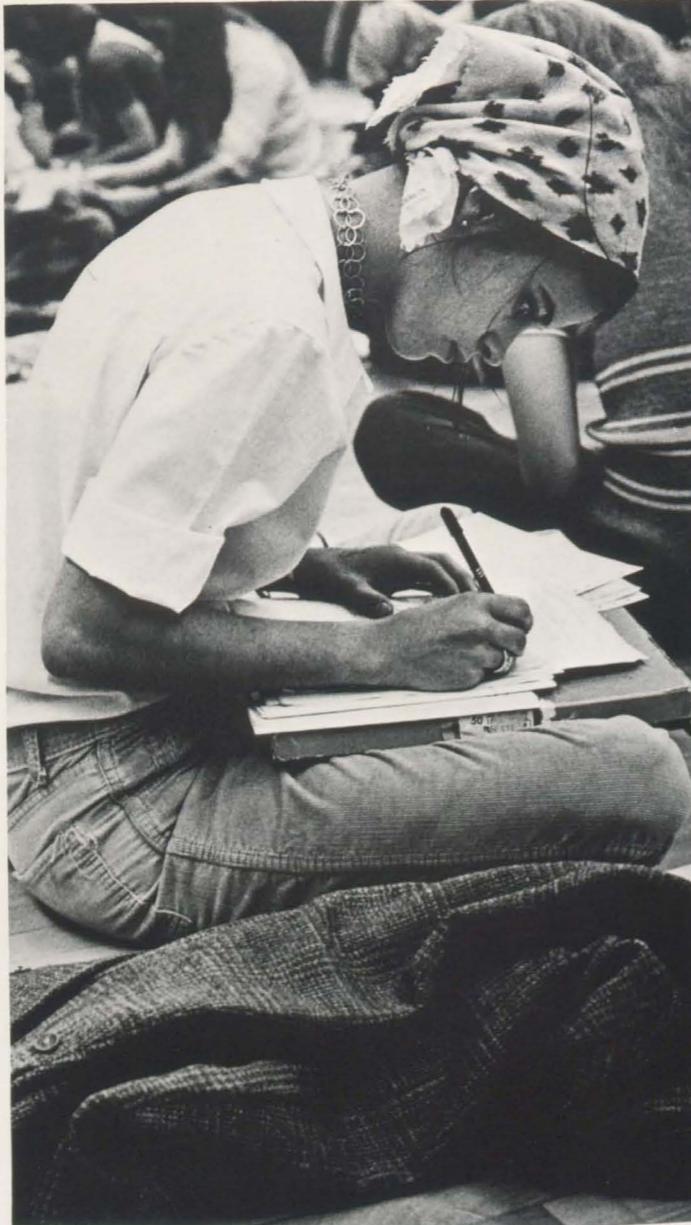


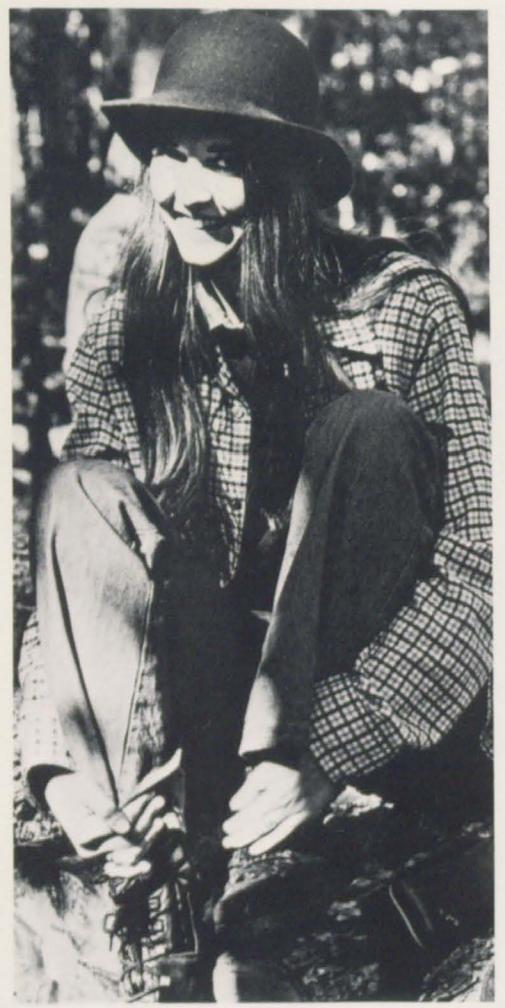






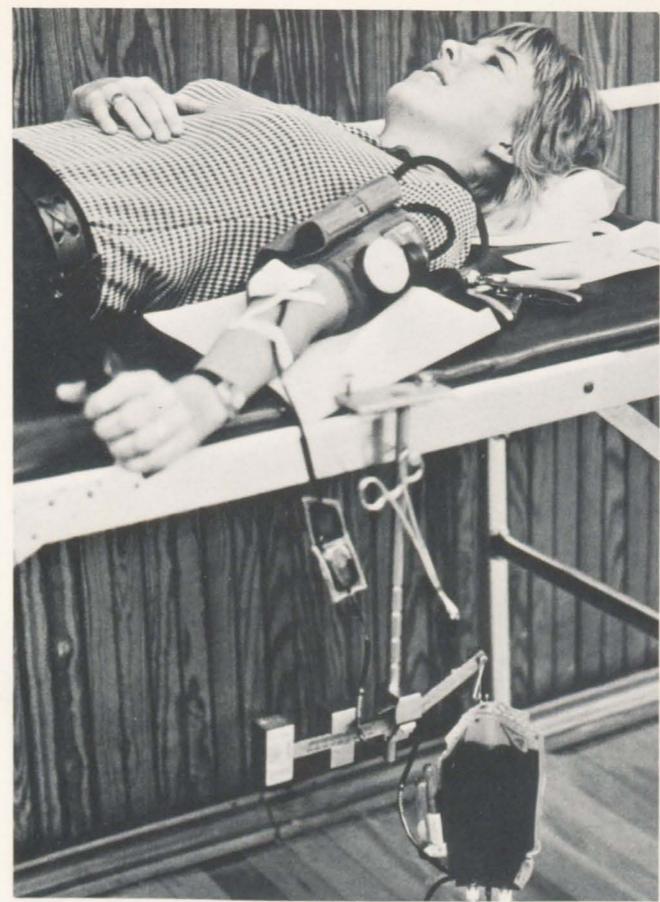












JEAN GORMAN



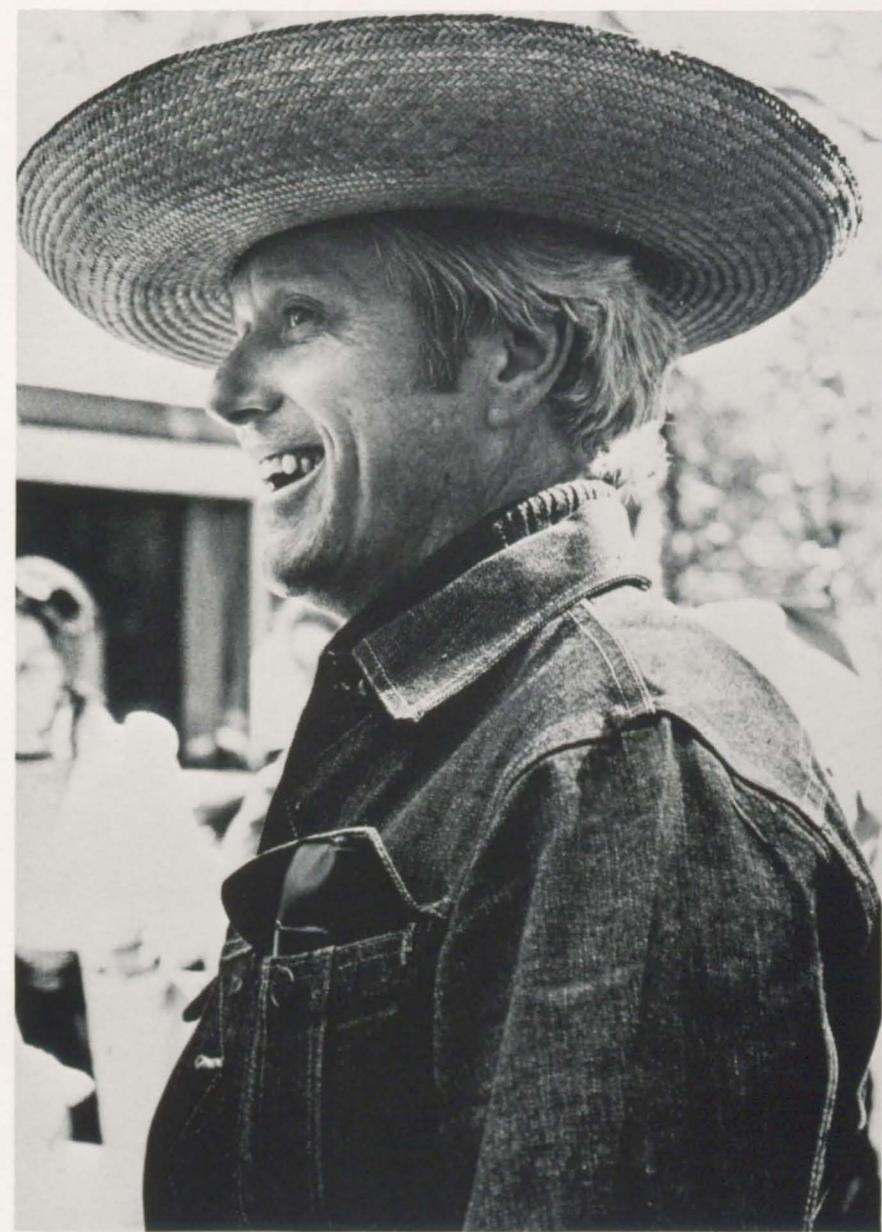






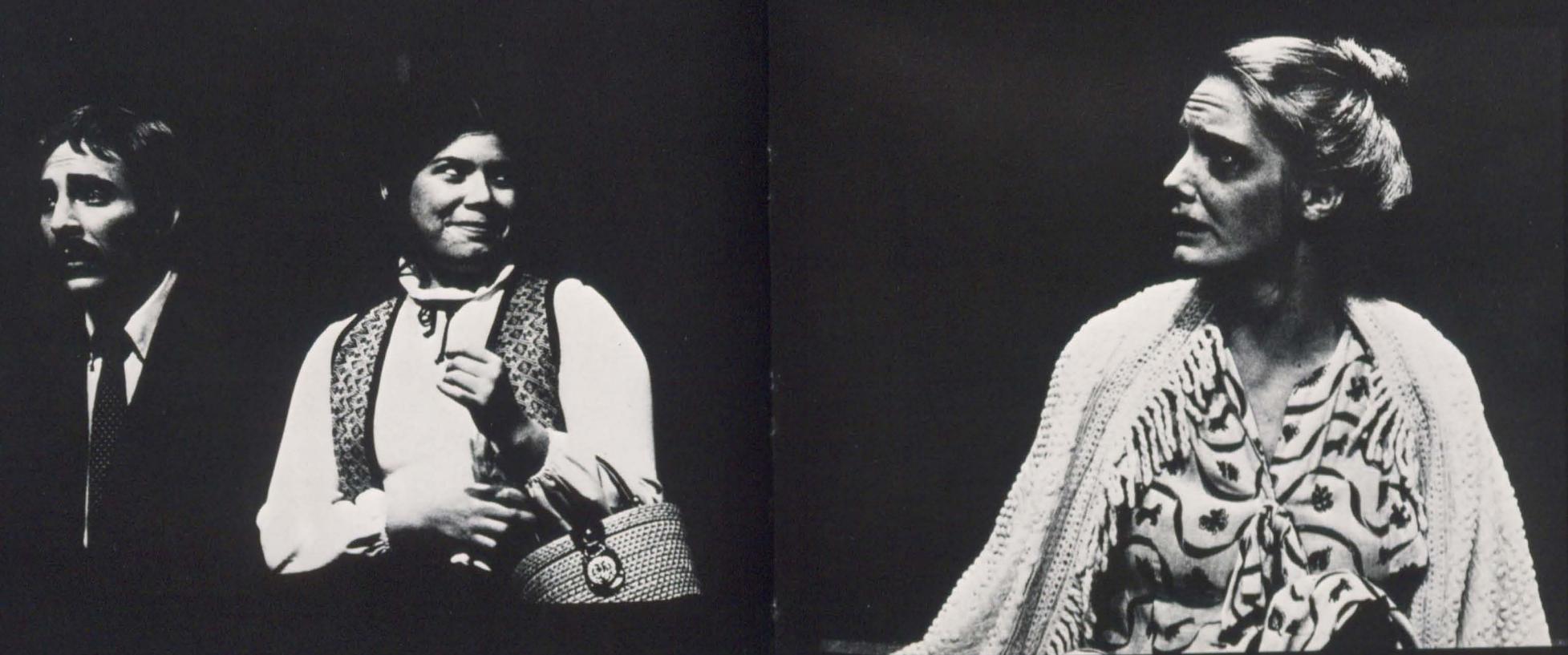
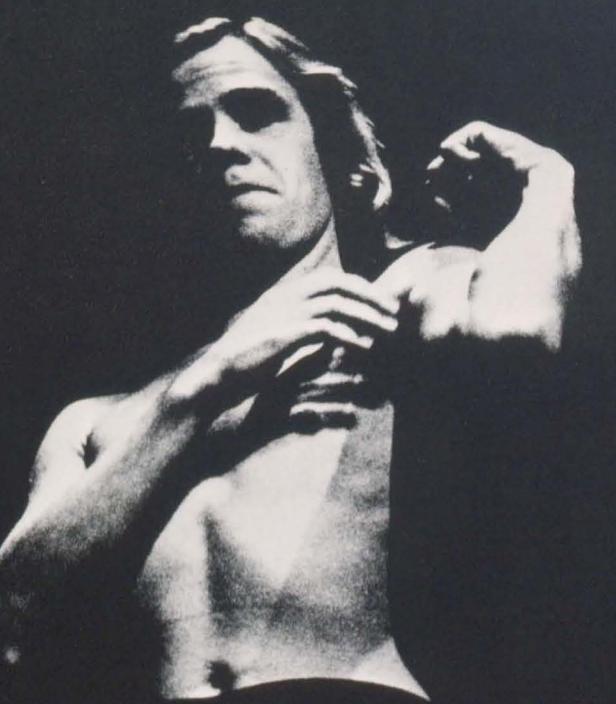


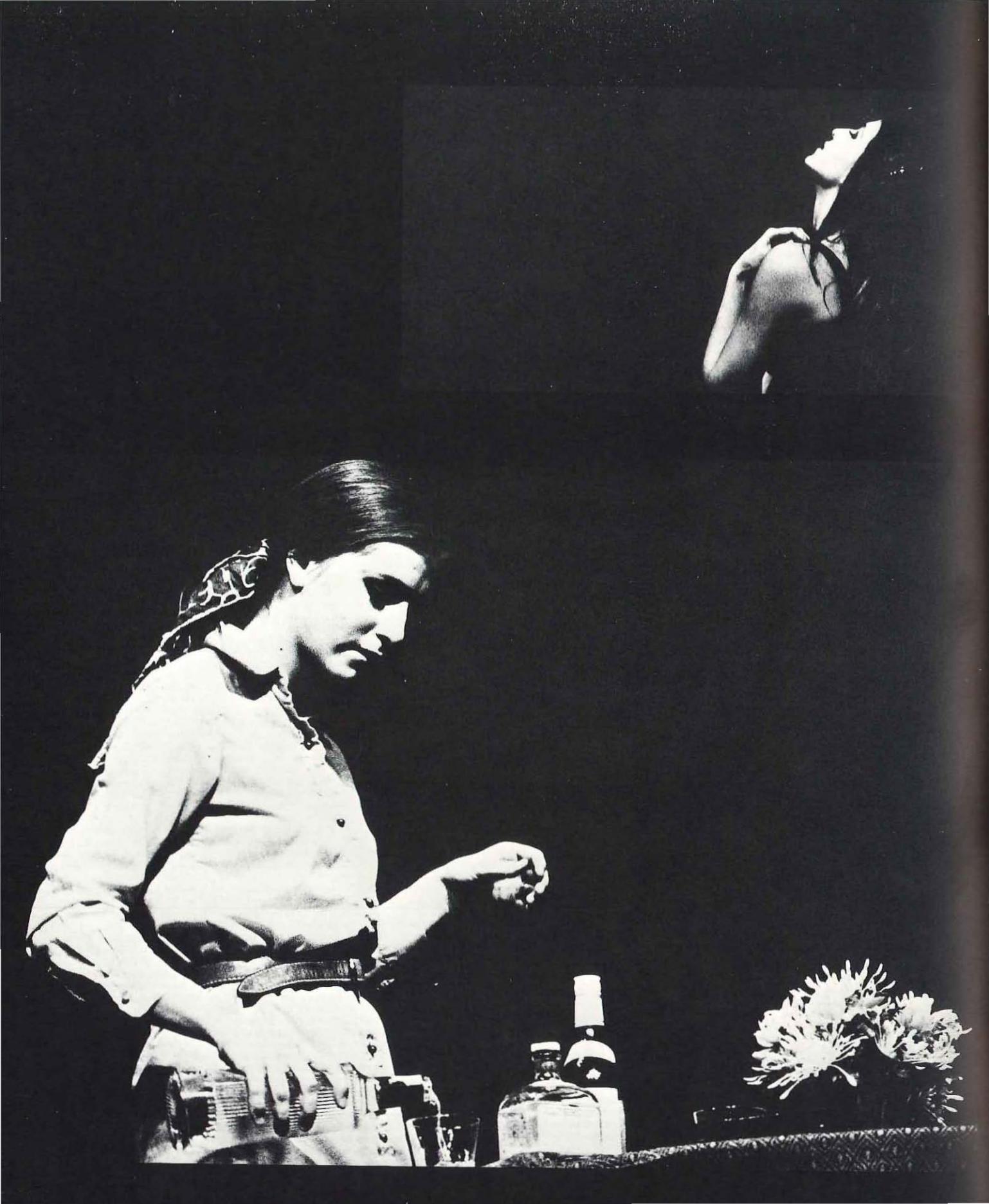








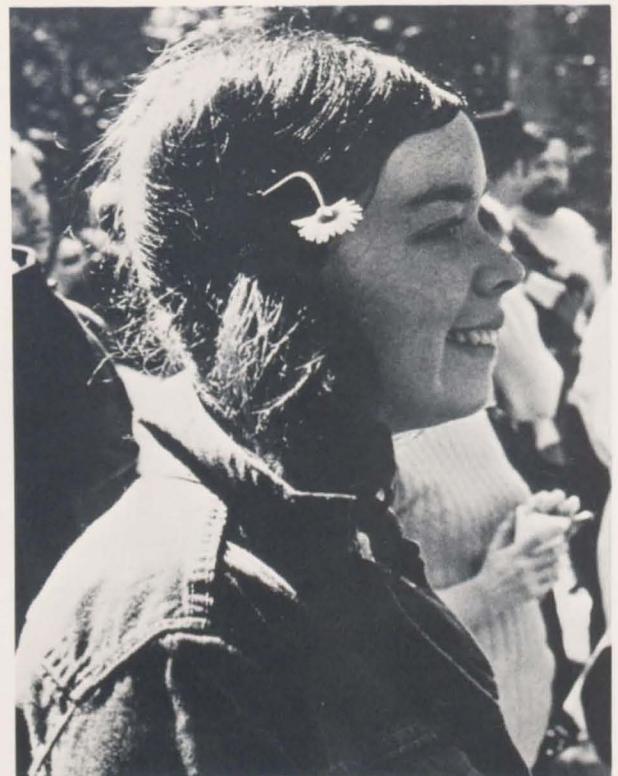




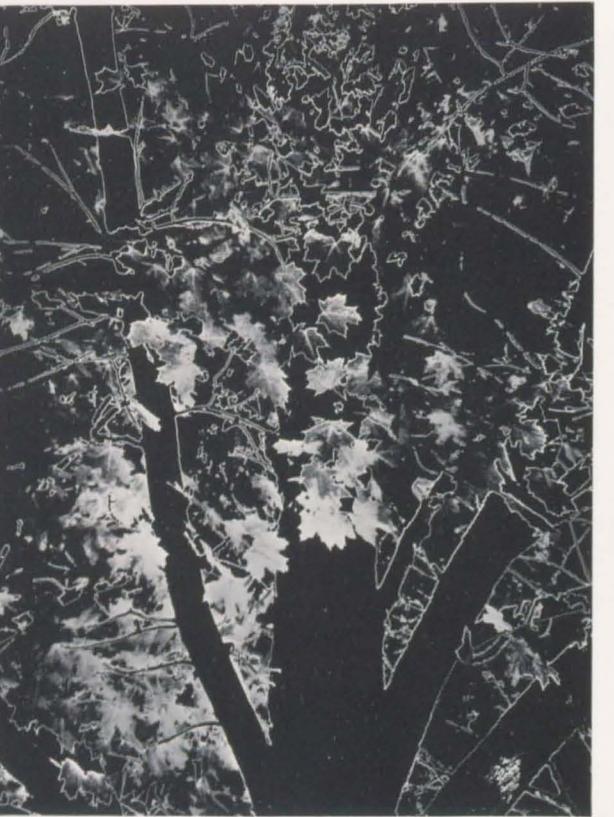
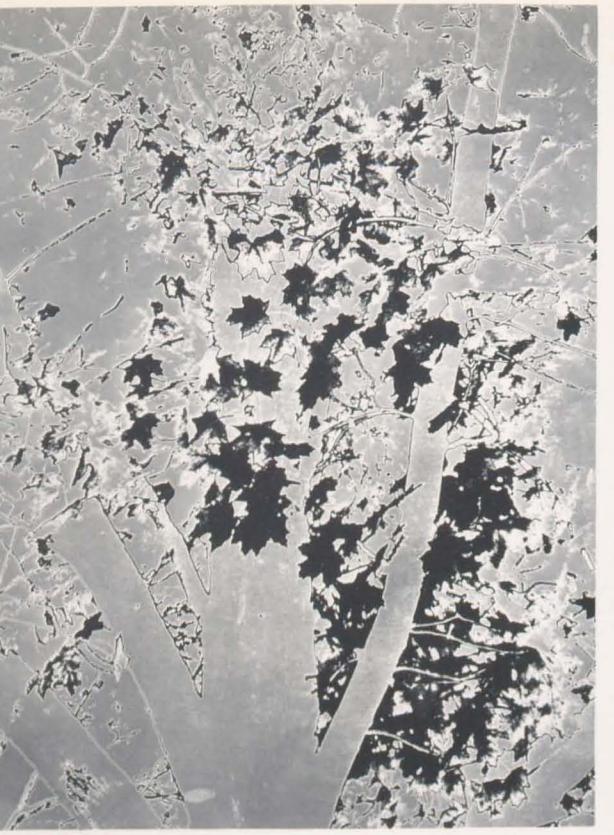






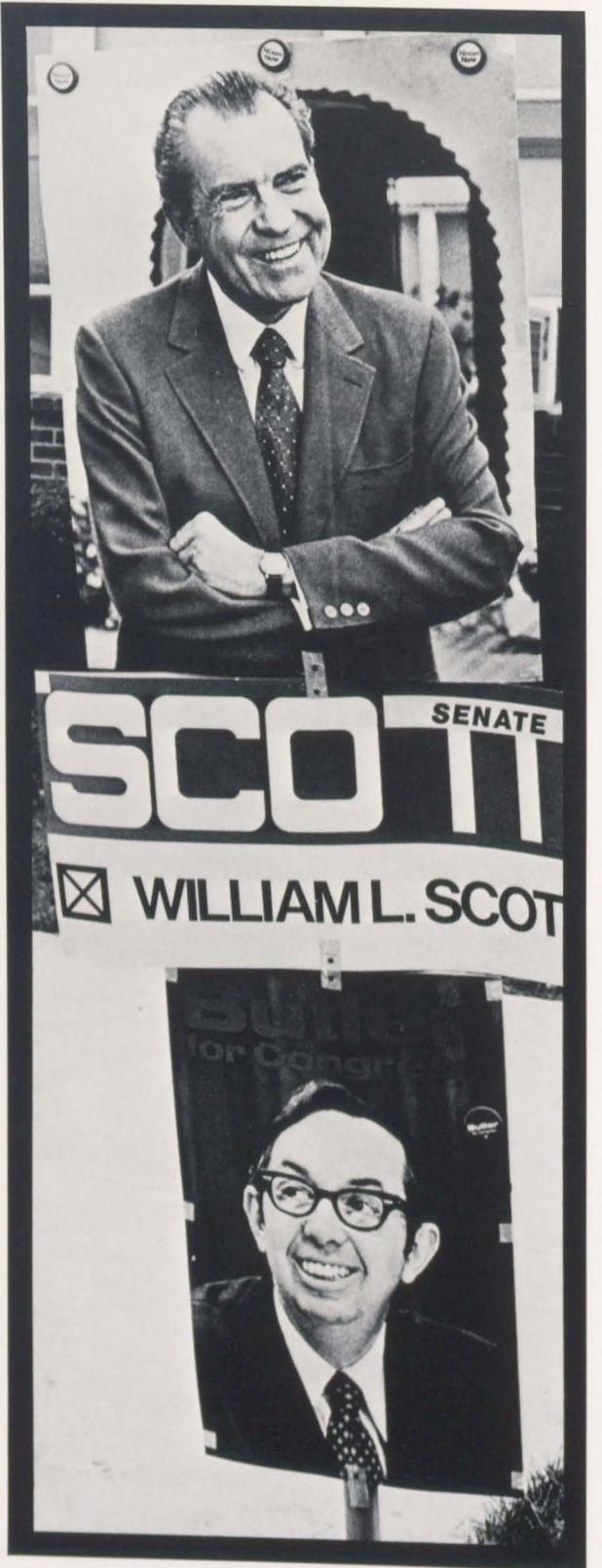


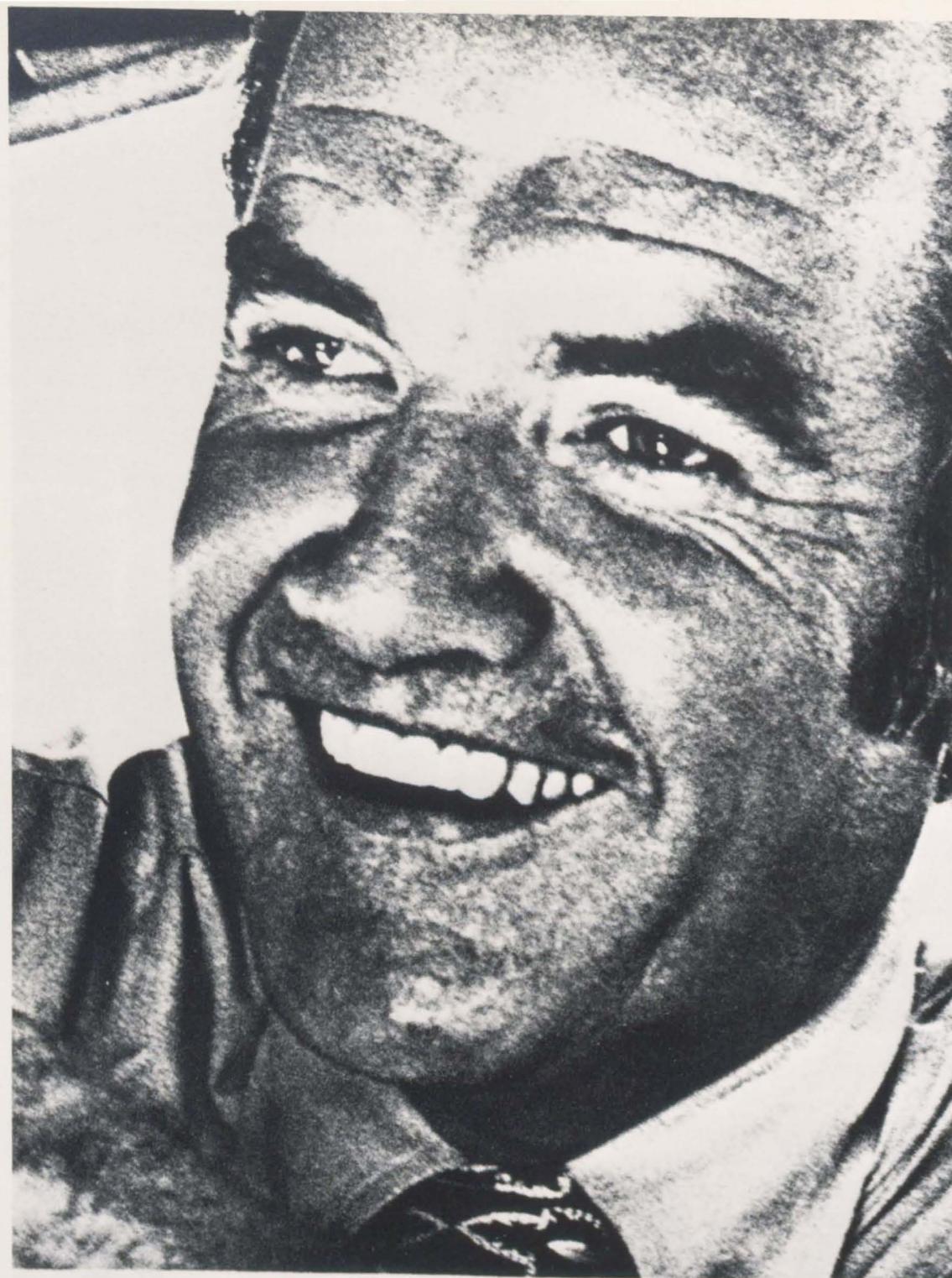






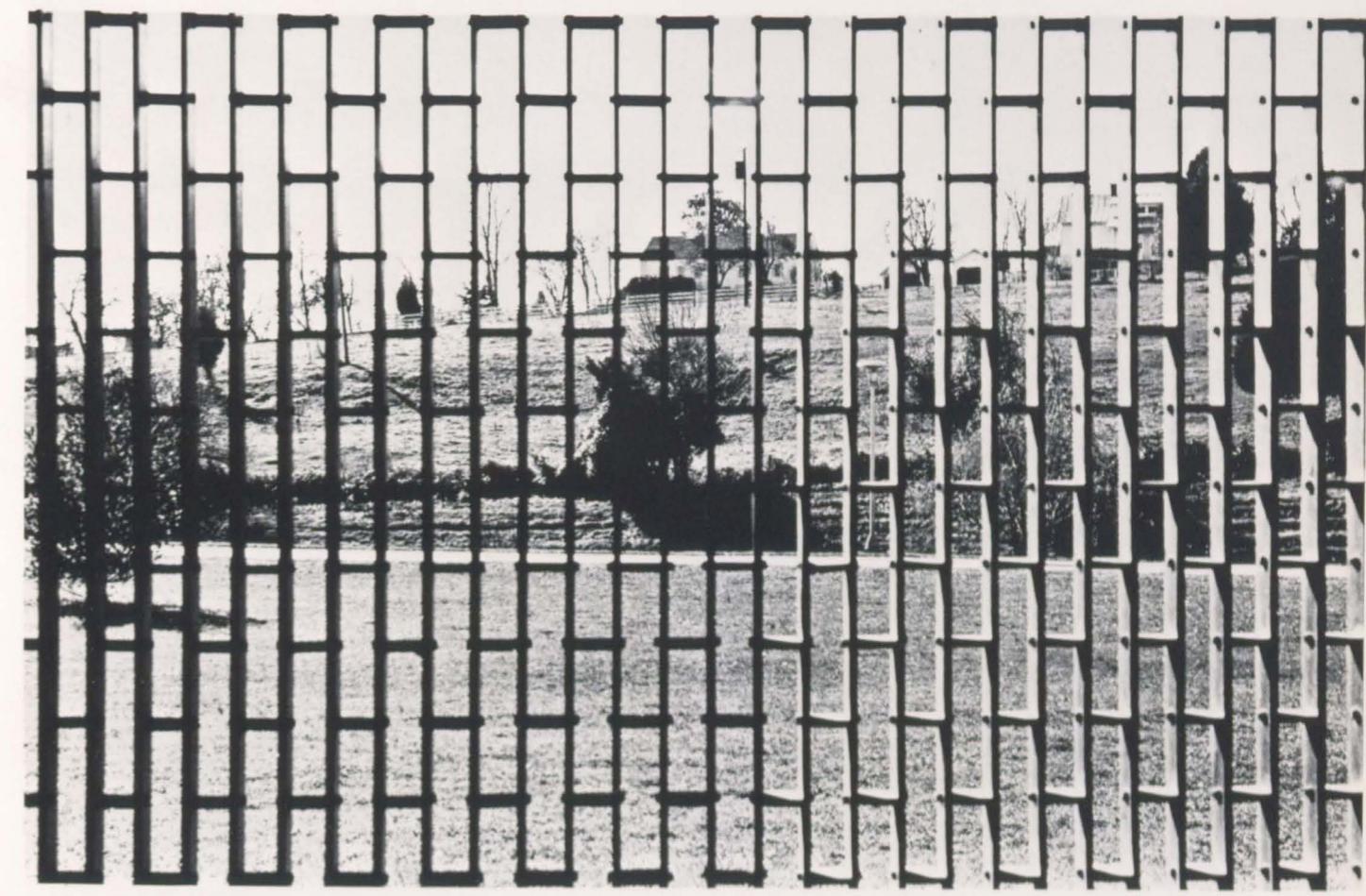
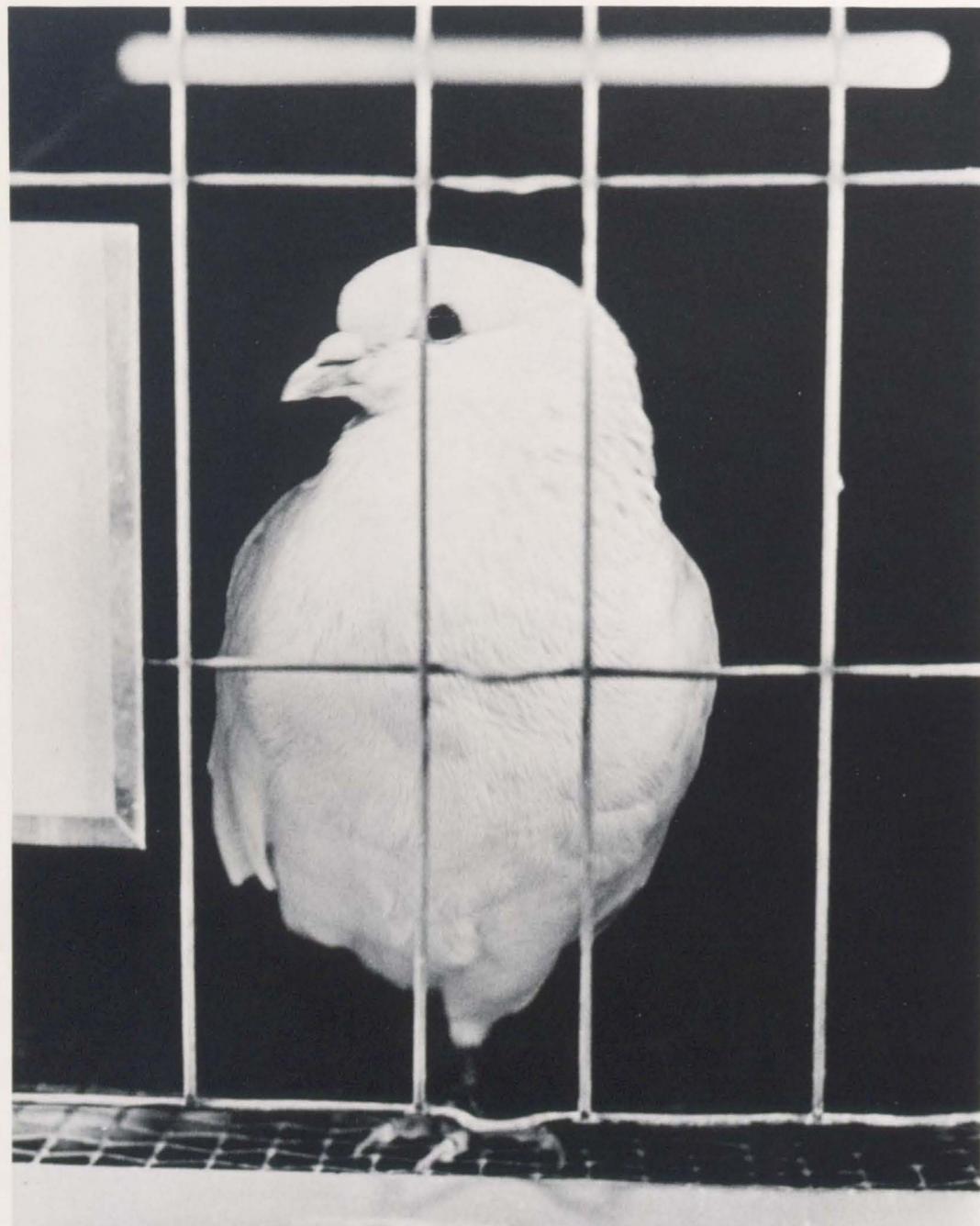






McGovern For Pres





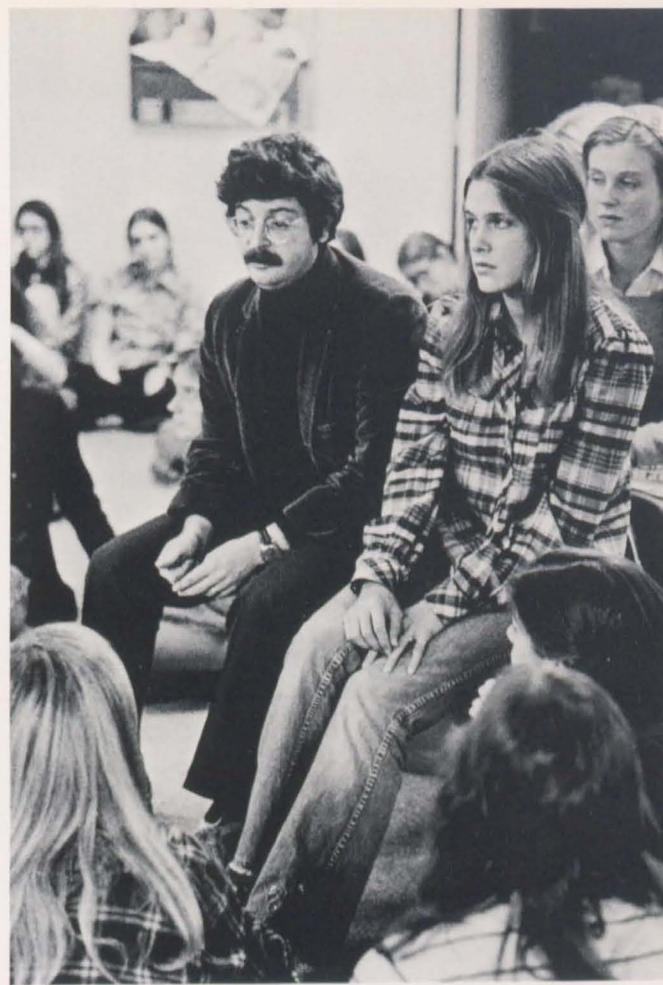


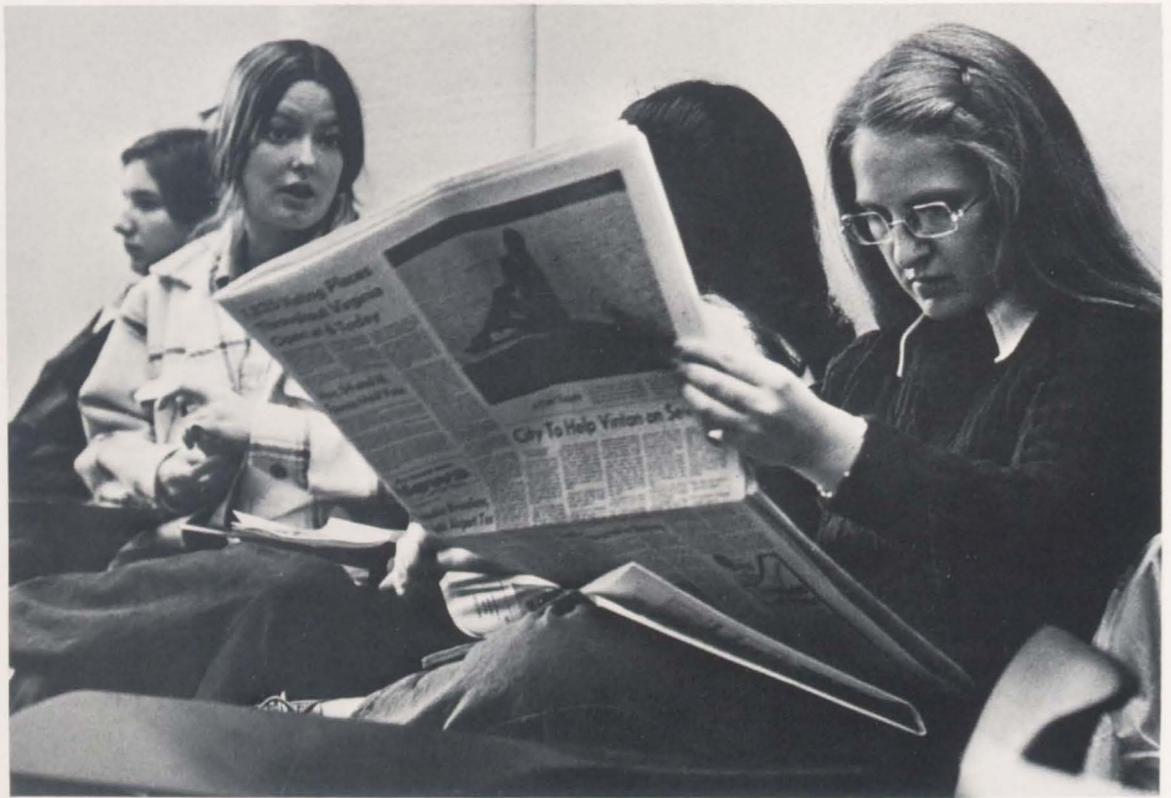


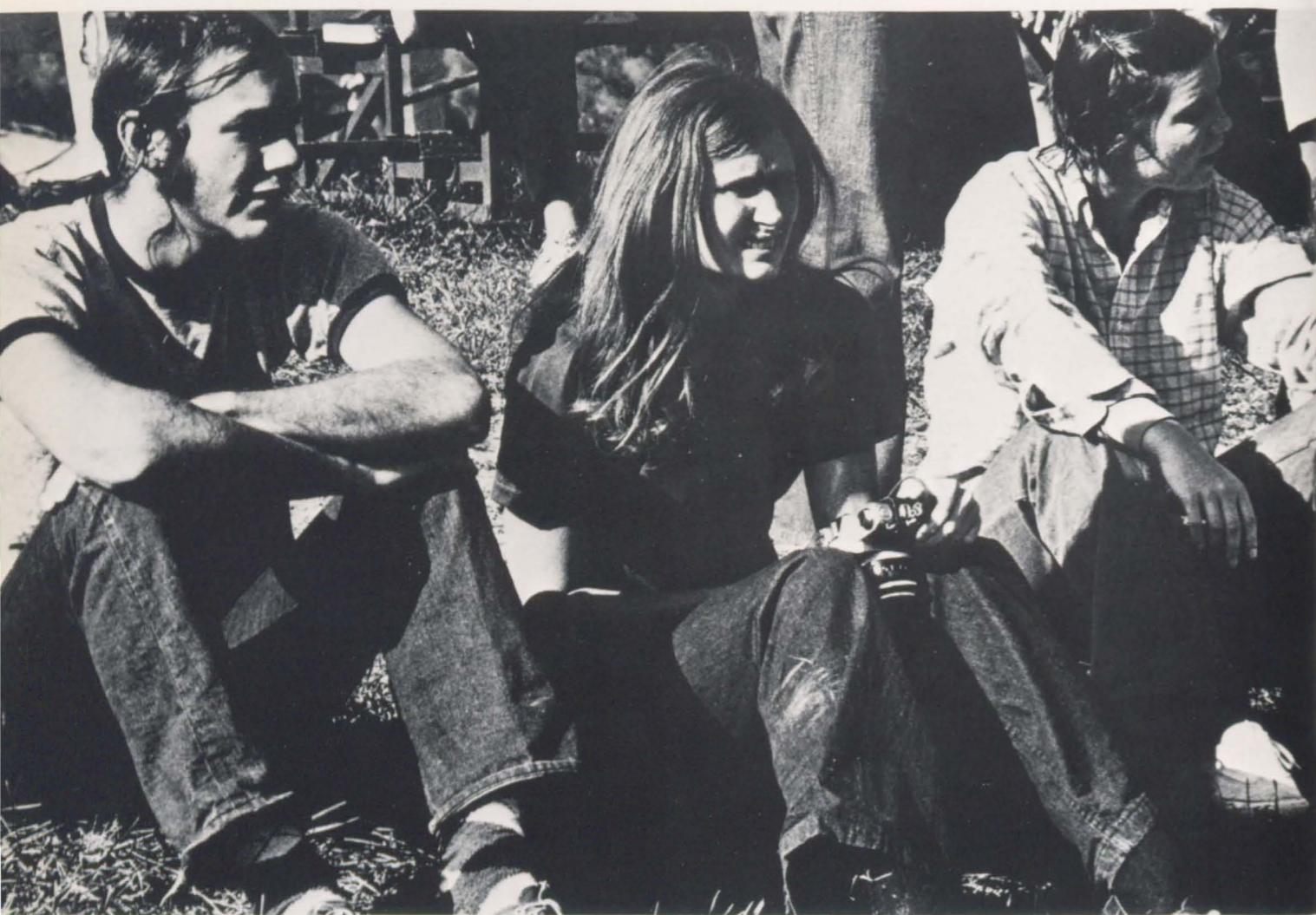
I've lived my love on stages
with a thousand people there
watching every move I make
never seeing my despair.

Life always has a special thing,
I repeat it every night
my lines are set, my beauty drawn,
a passion played in light.

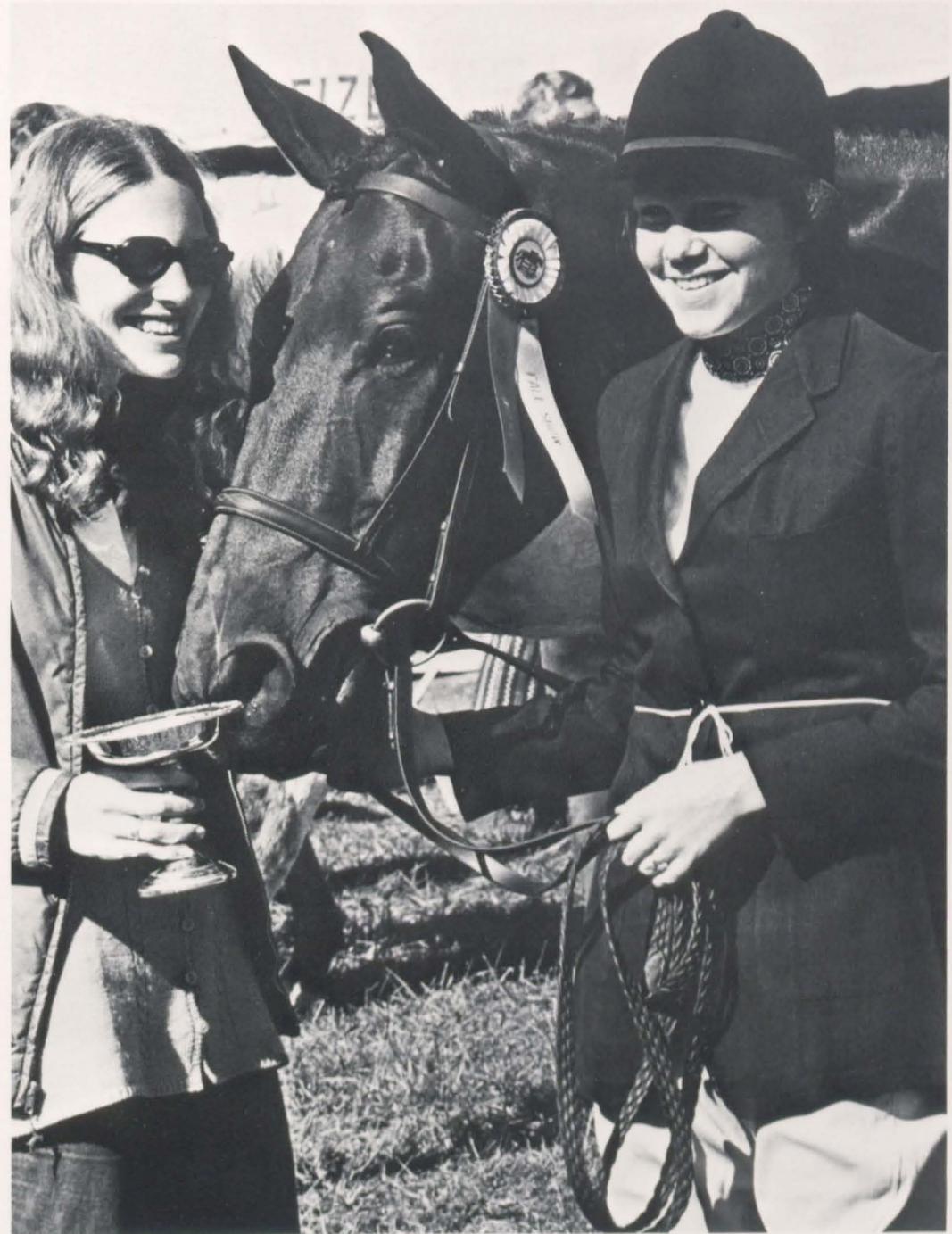
And when the show is over
and a thousand people sigh
I strip myself of glamour
and my soul begins to die.
For I've lived my love on stages
and I've learned to live a lie.





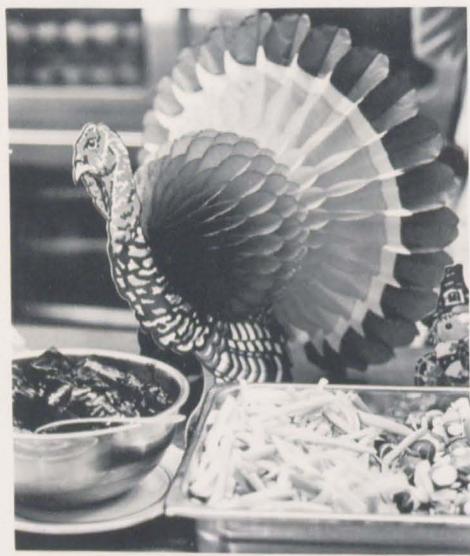








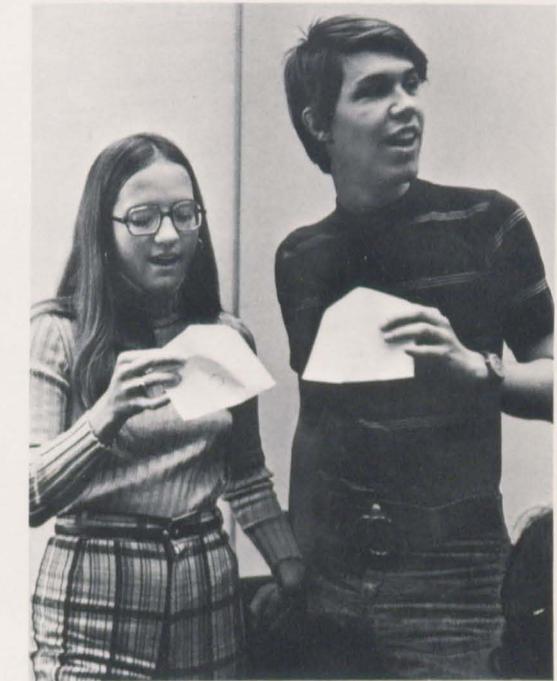




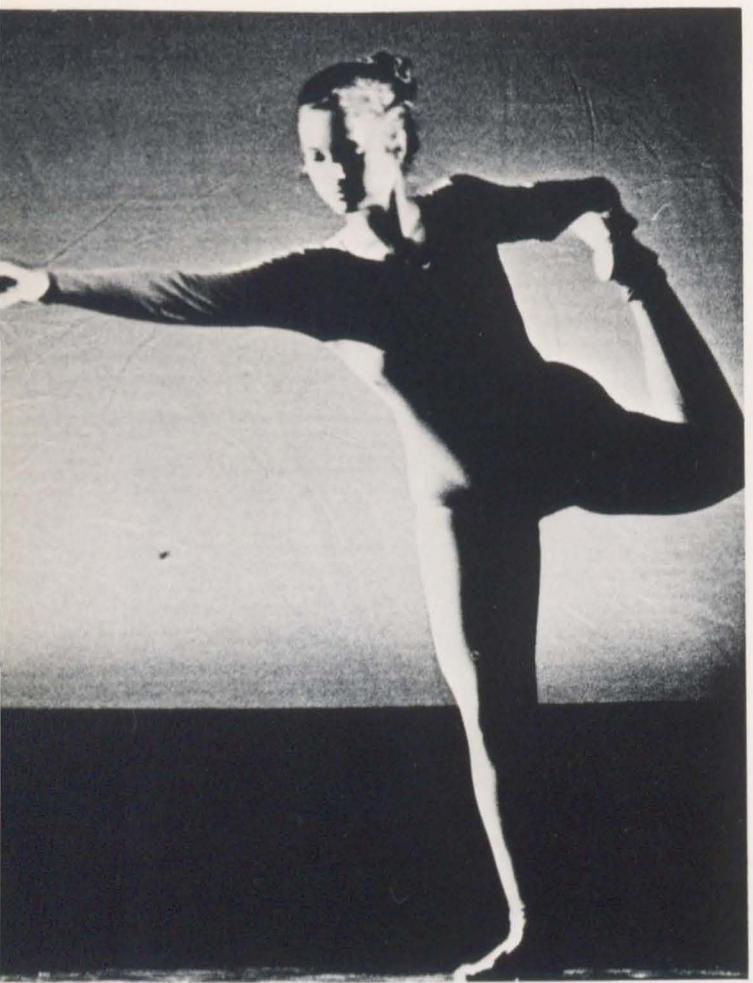
WILLIAM WROBEL

HOWARD SEXTON



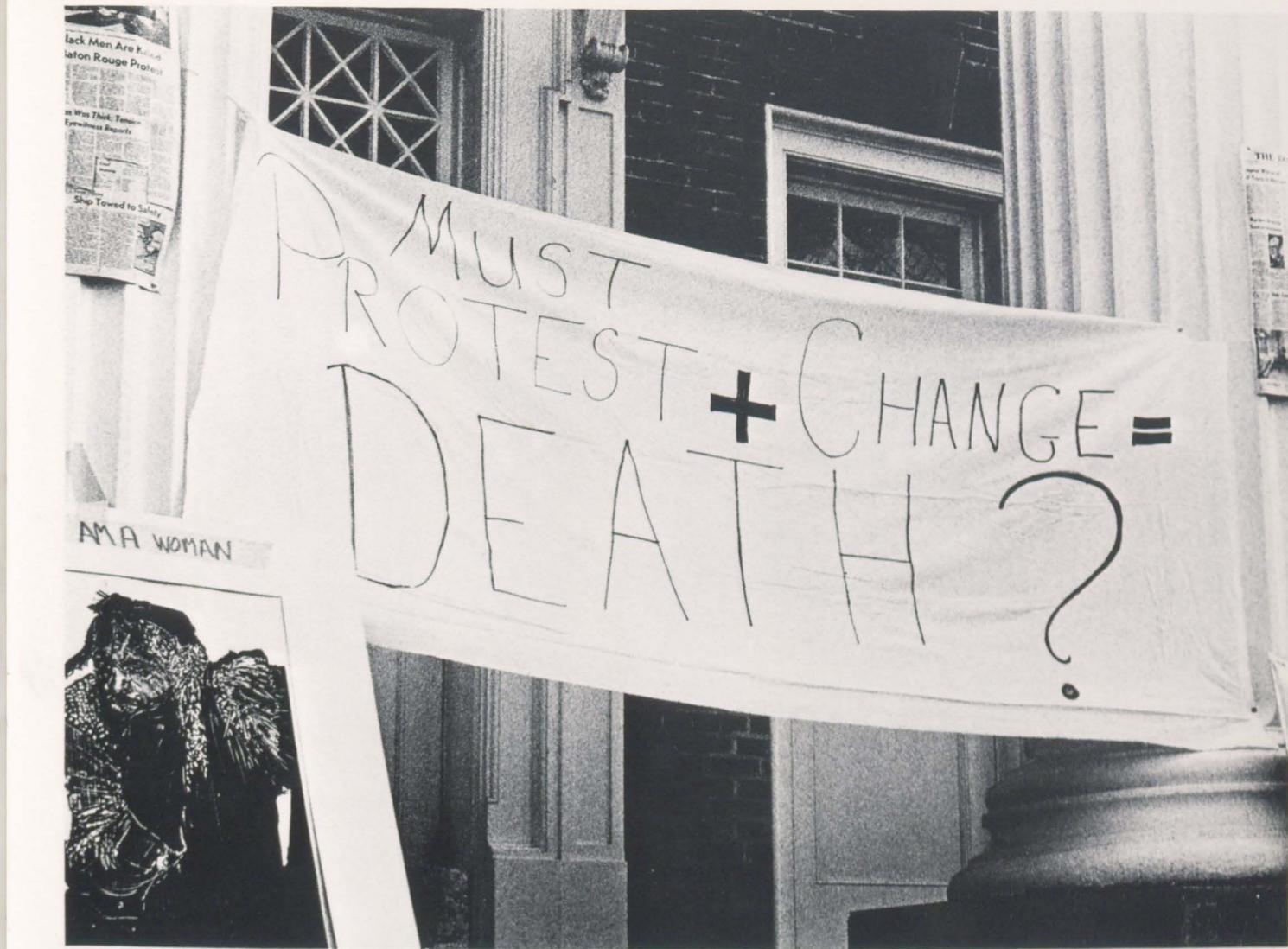


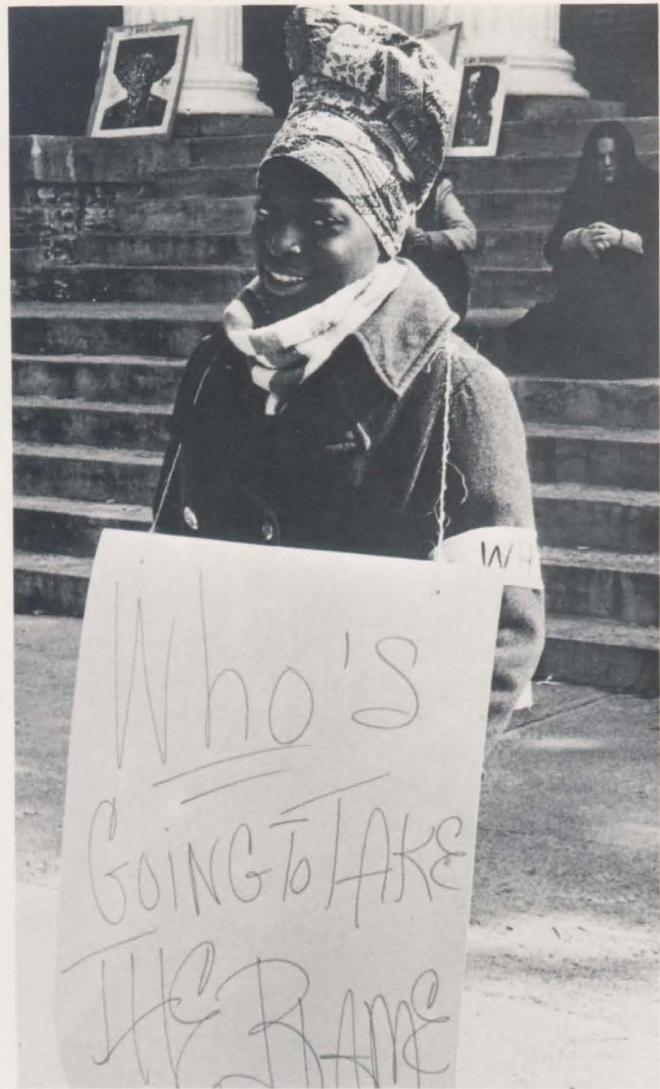


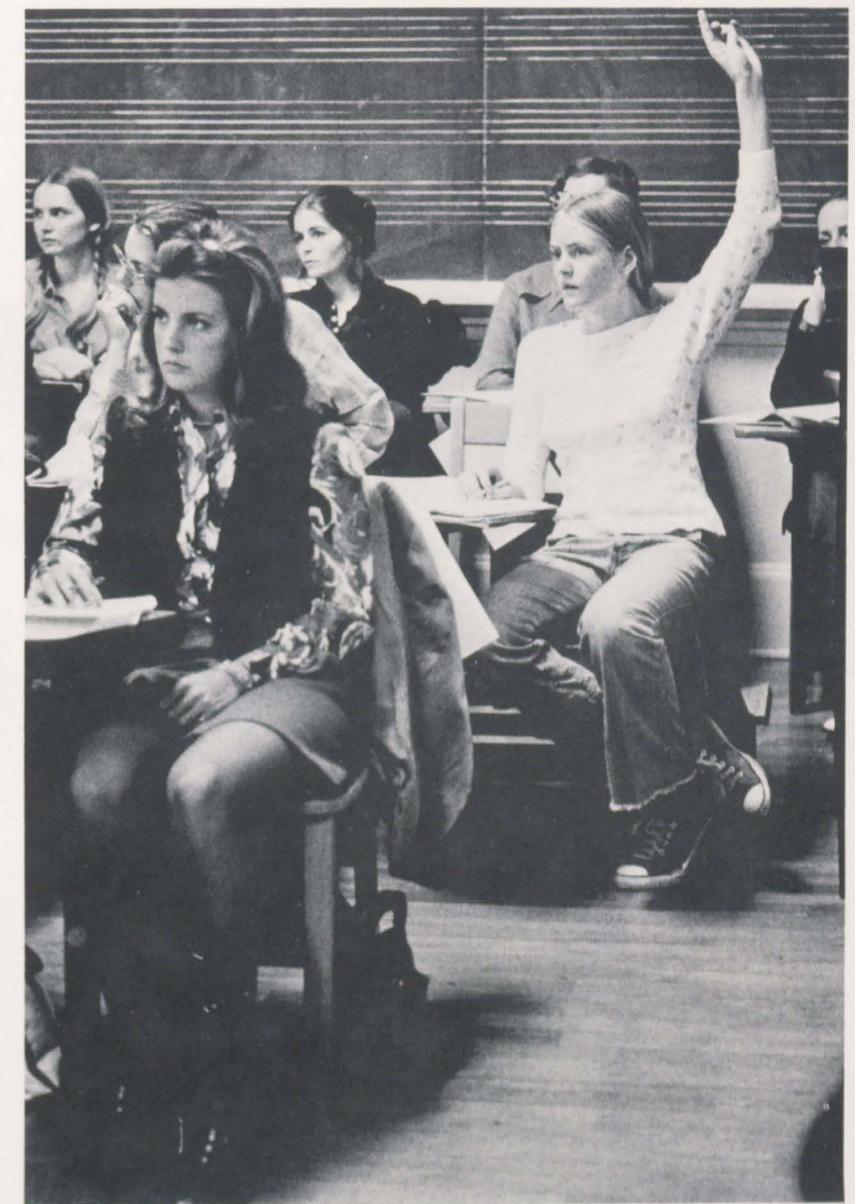
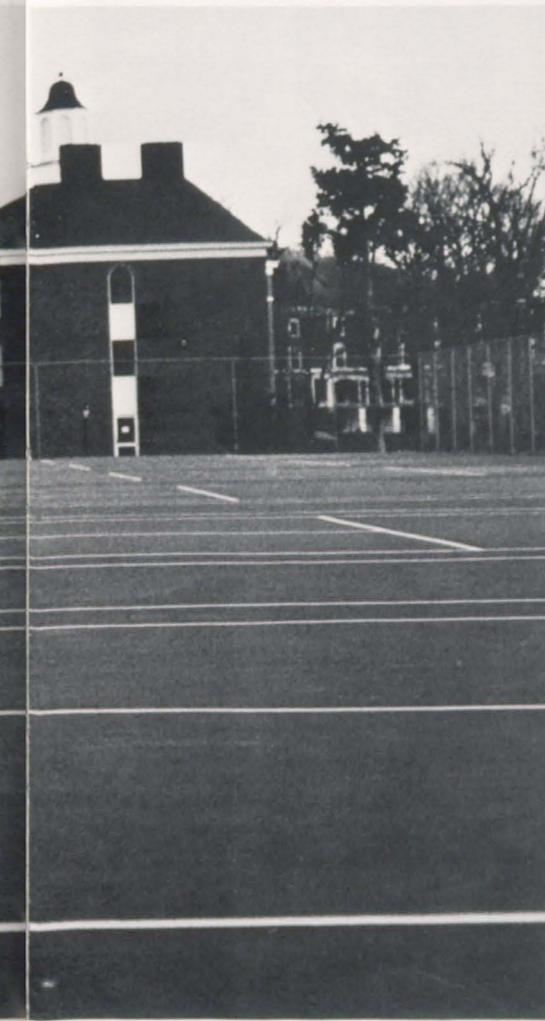
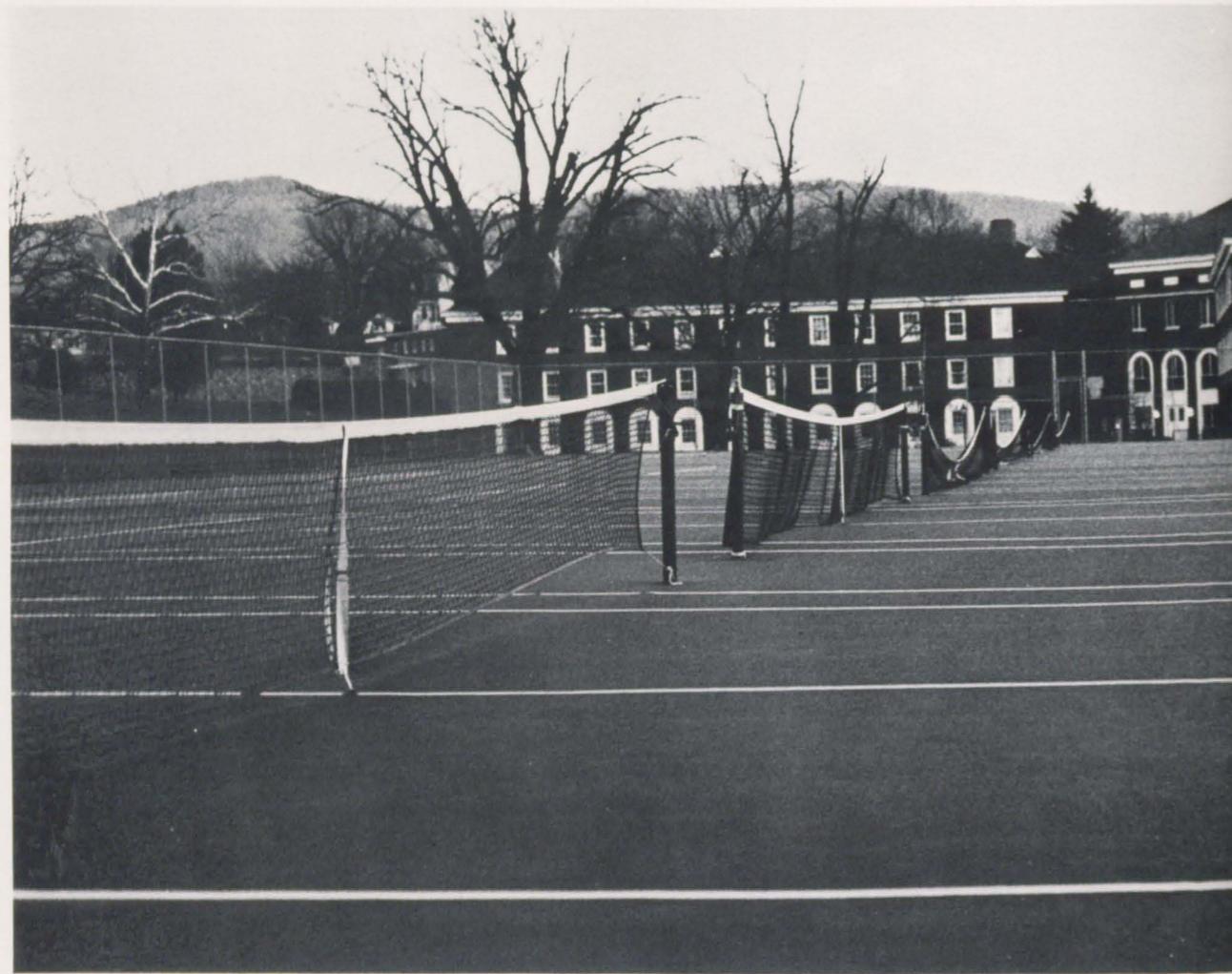






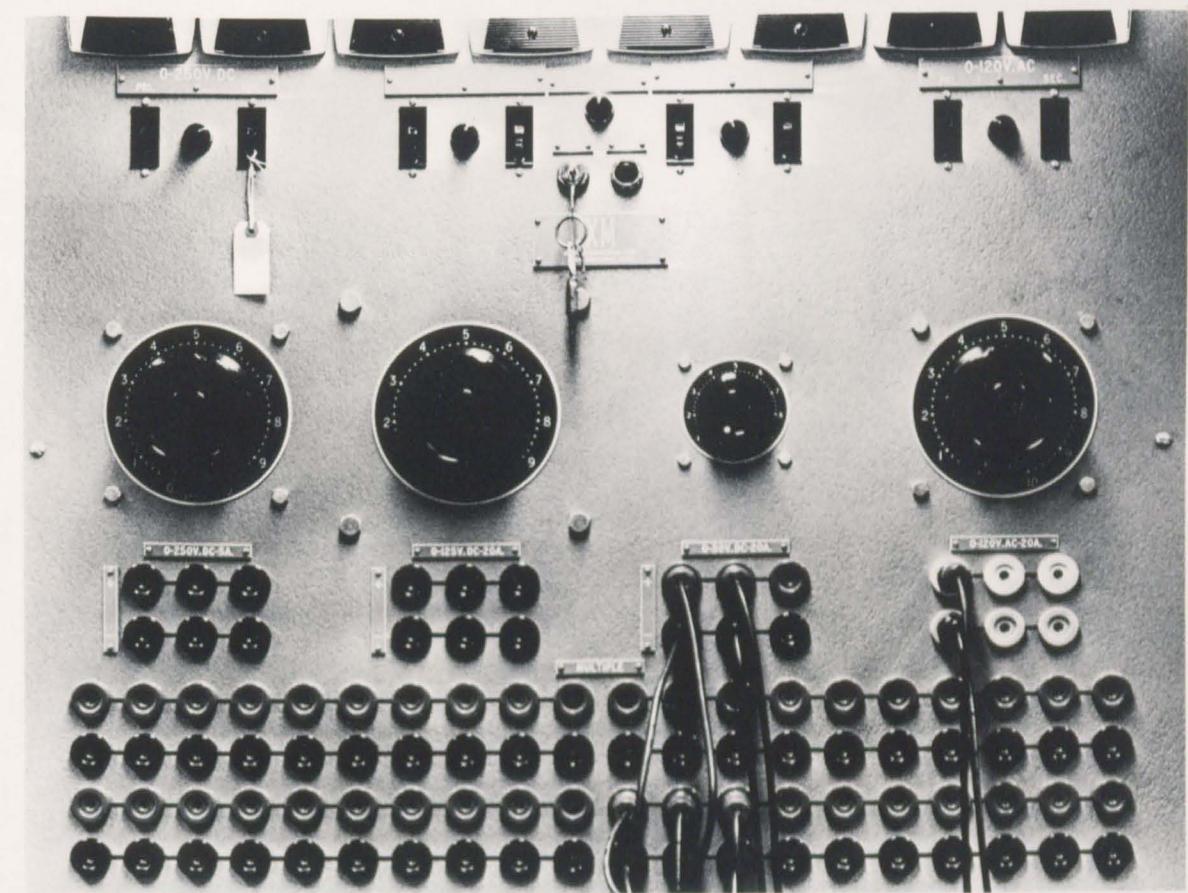


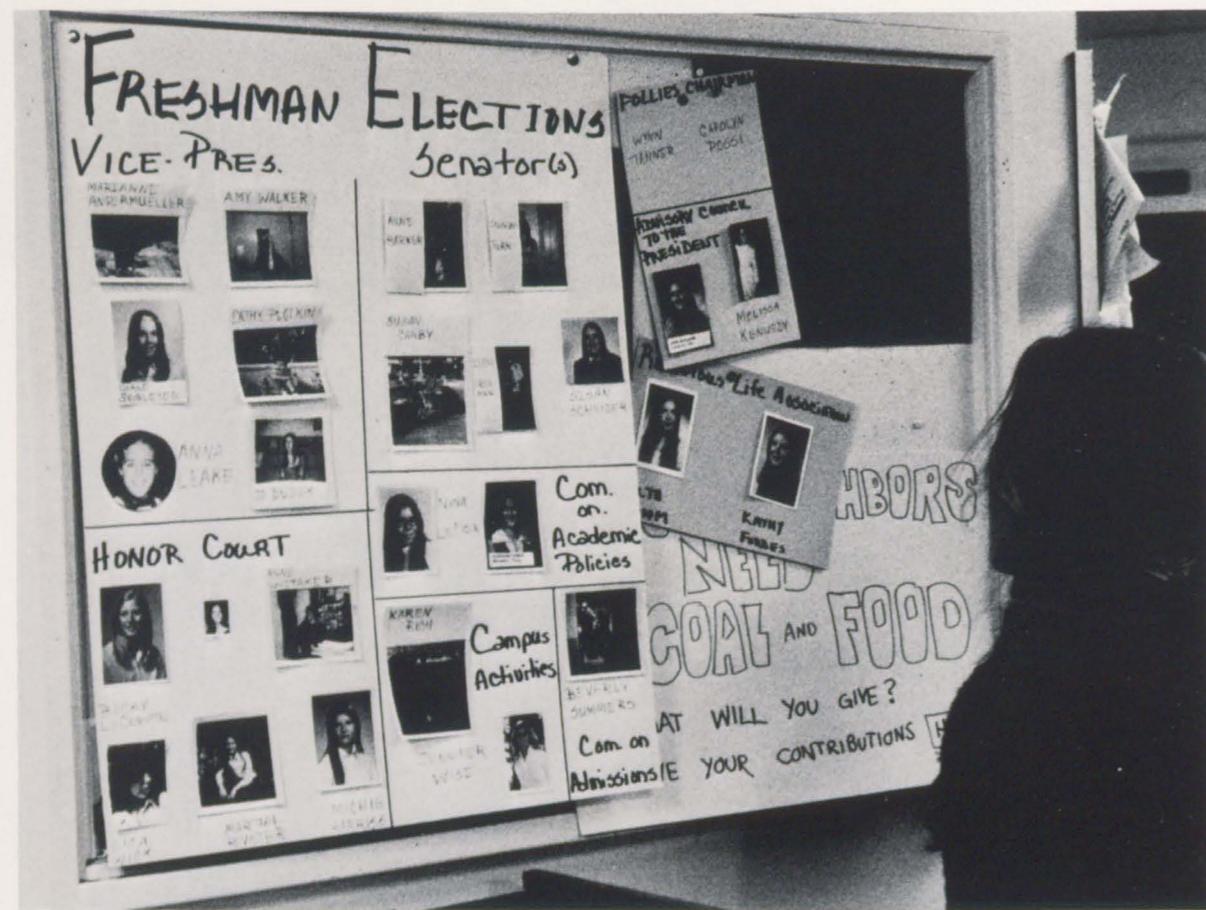










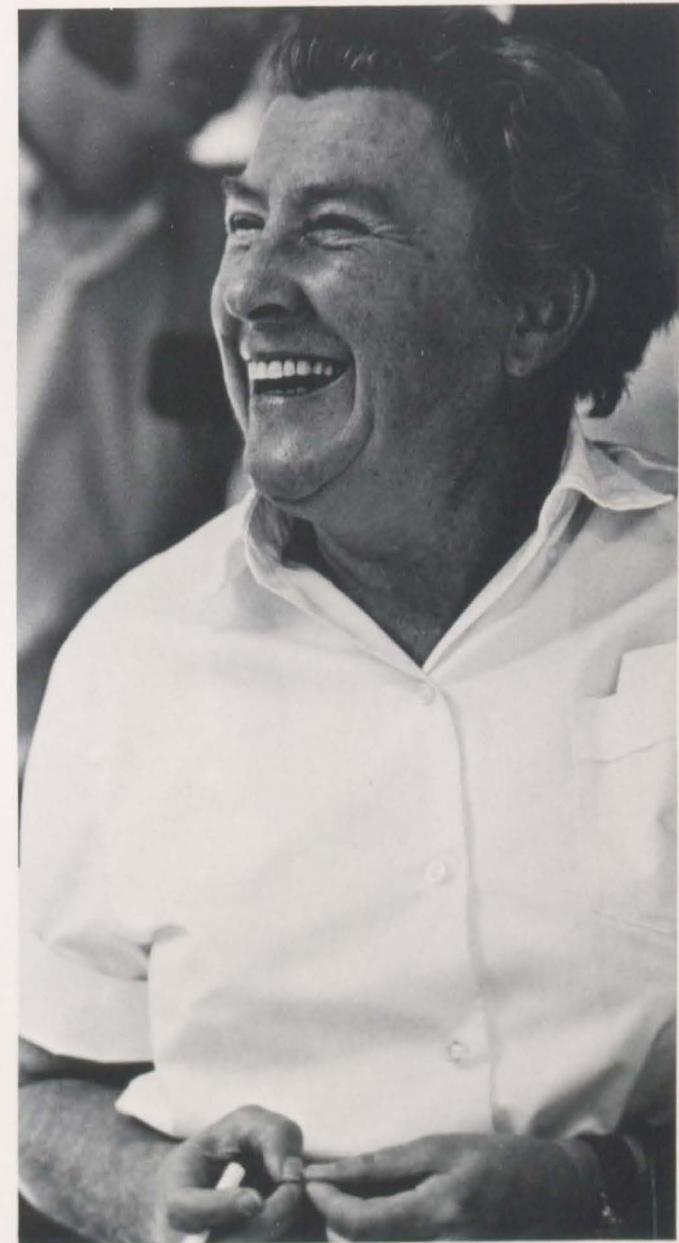


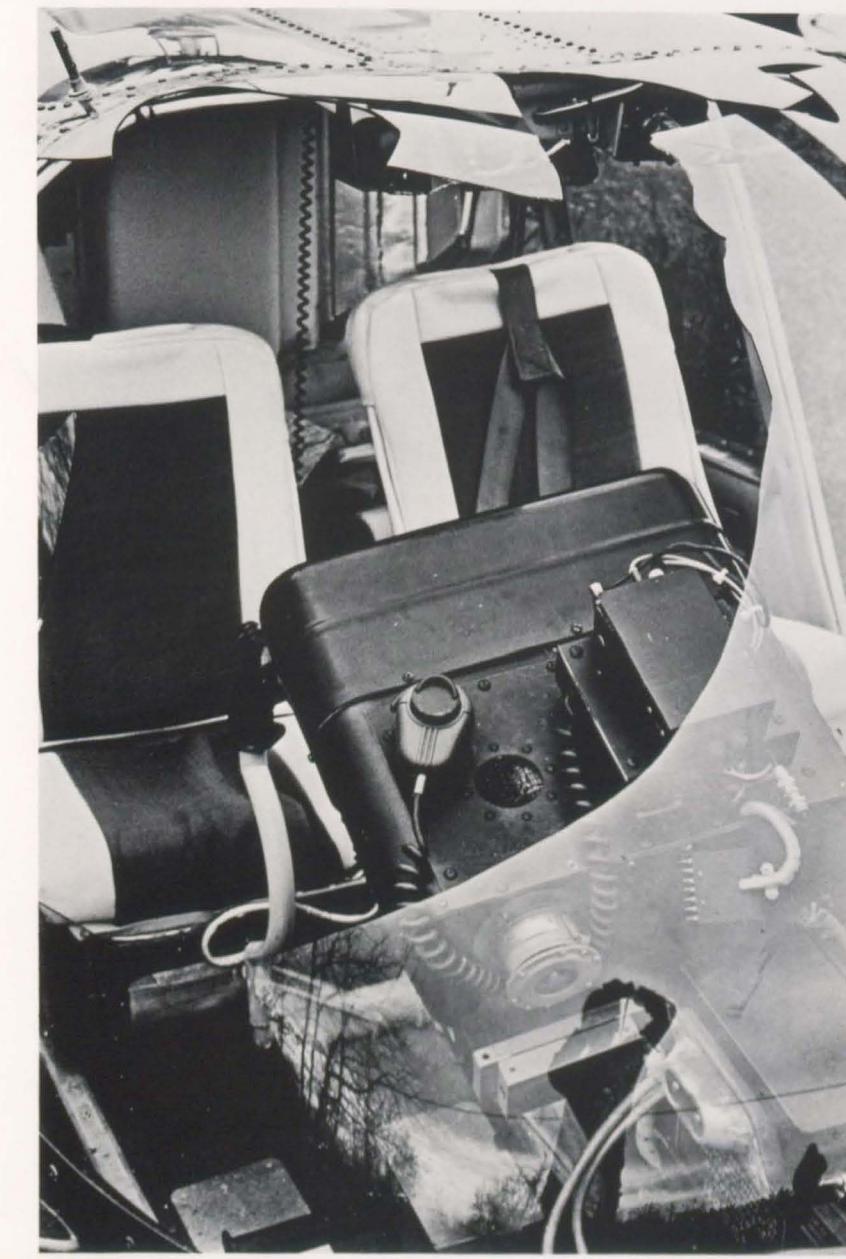


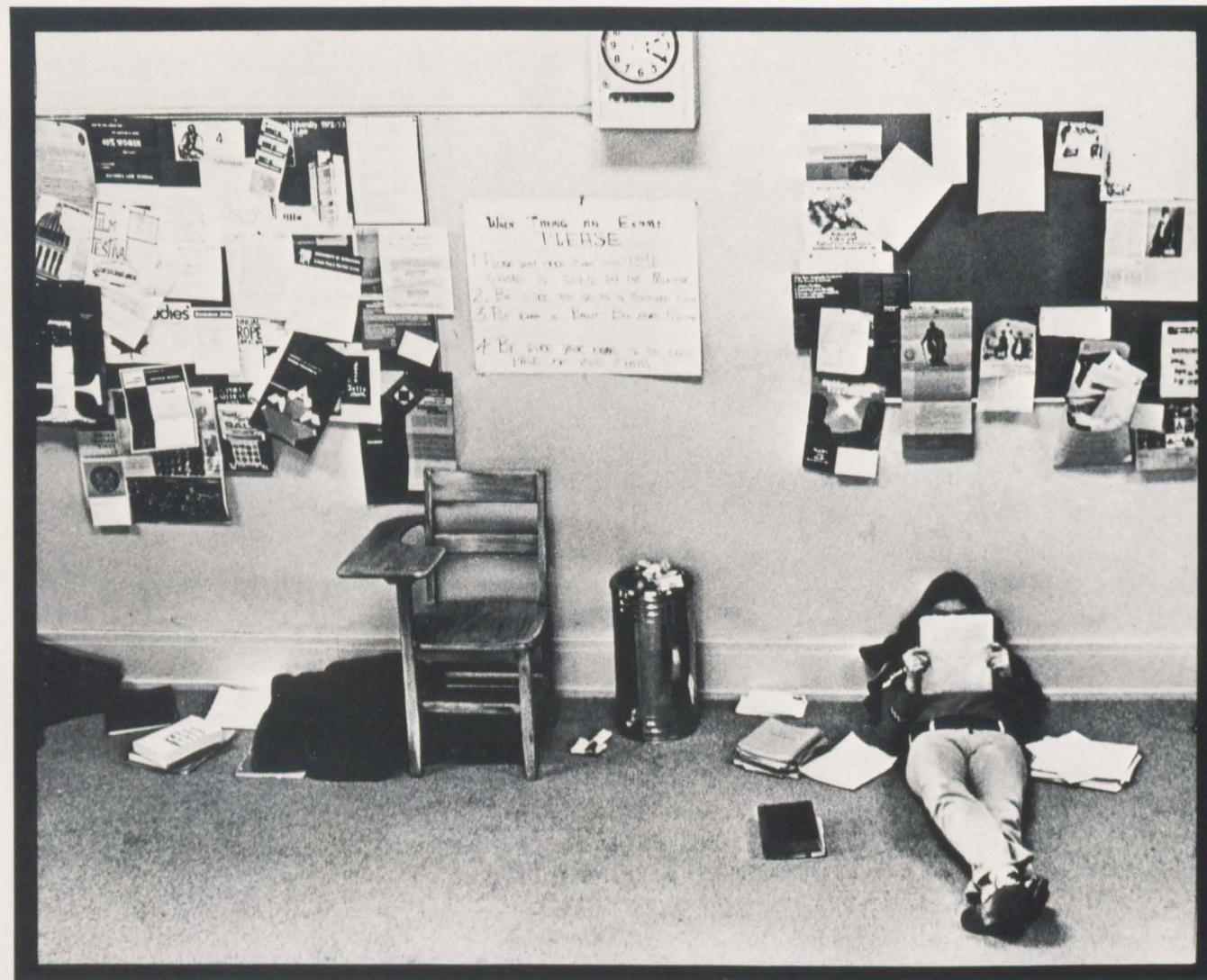
JULIA RANDALL SAWYER



BEATRICE GUSHEE

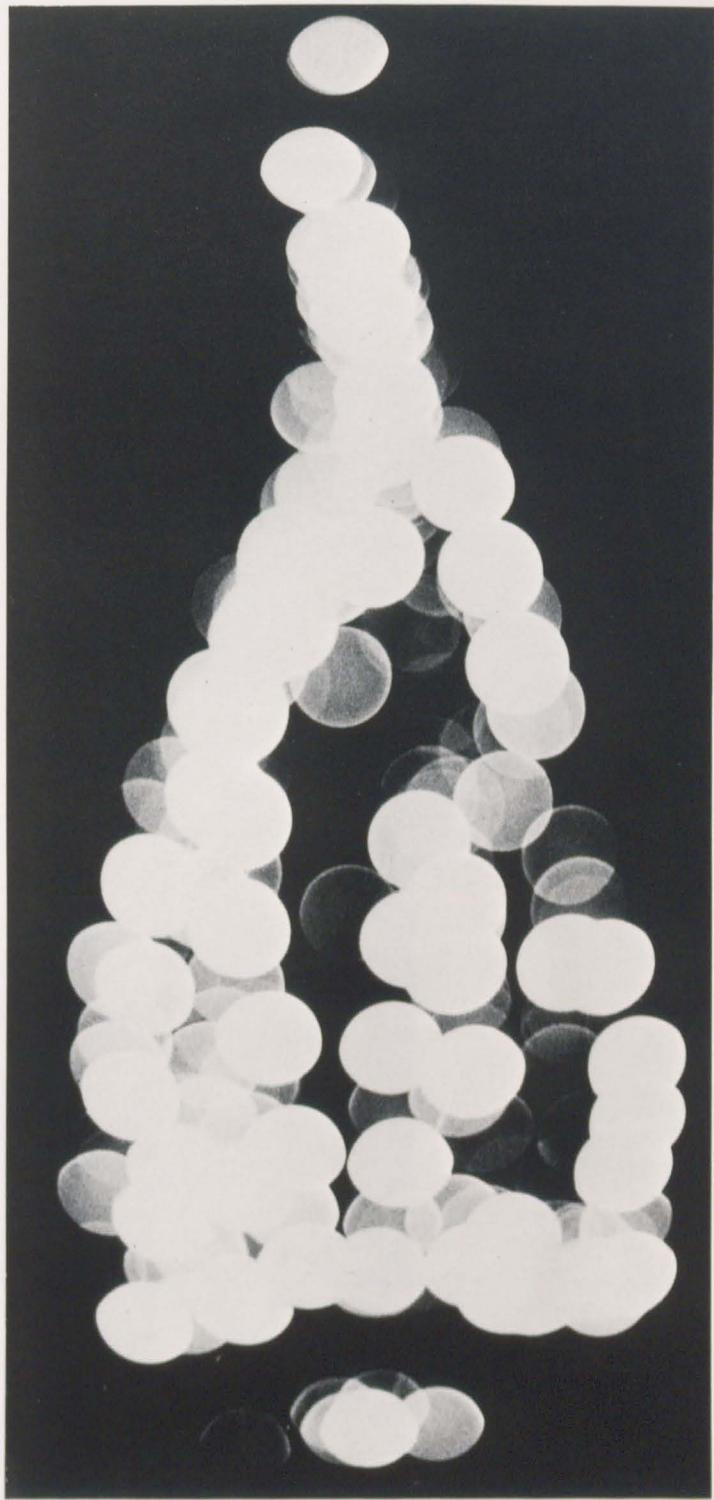








i am looking out my window
(surrounded by bandaide brown walls)
at a christmas tree
(surrounded by wet cement walks)
someone left the lights on
someone let it rain
someone left me sitting here while i was still quite sane
someone must come back for me and get me going once
again
i wonder if that someone will ever bear my name.



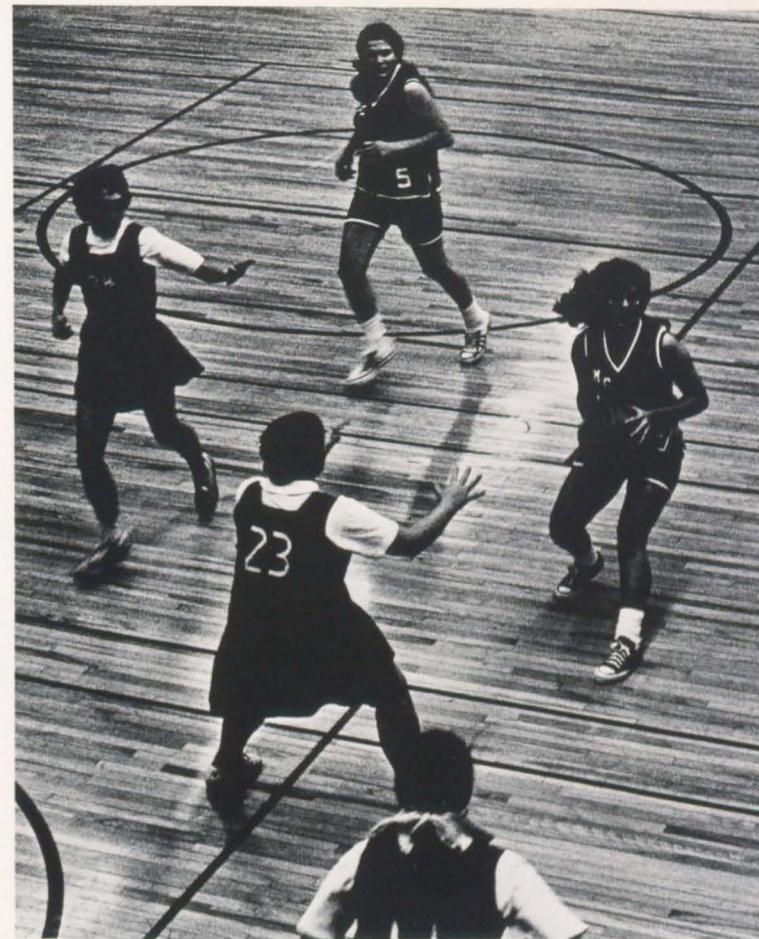






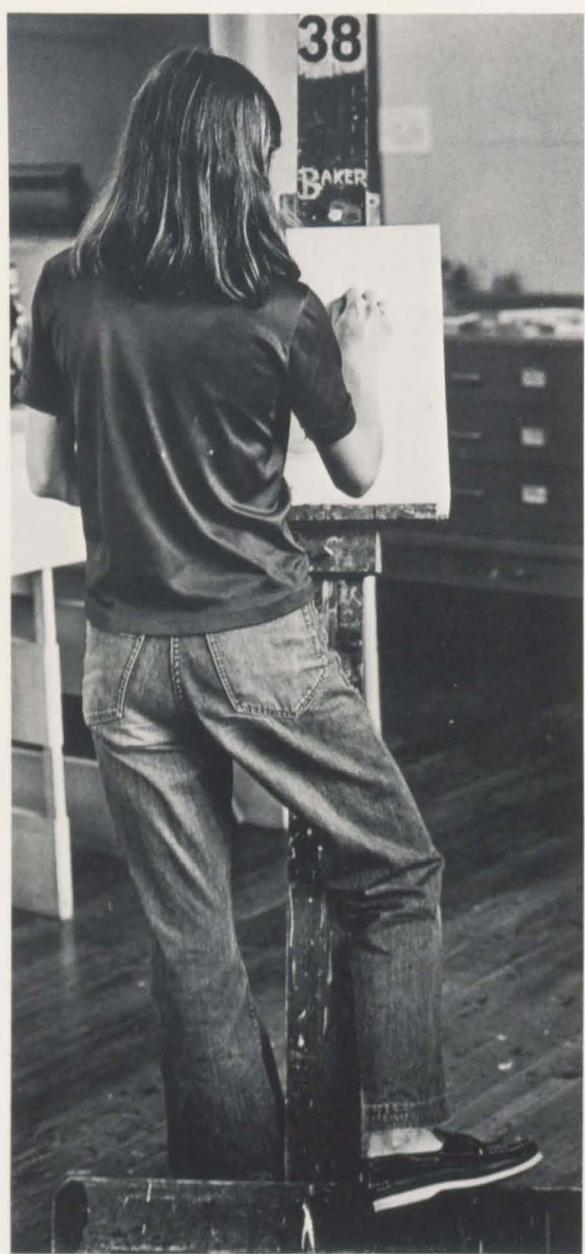








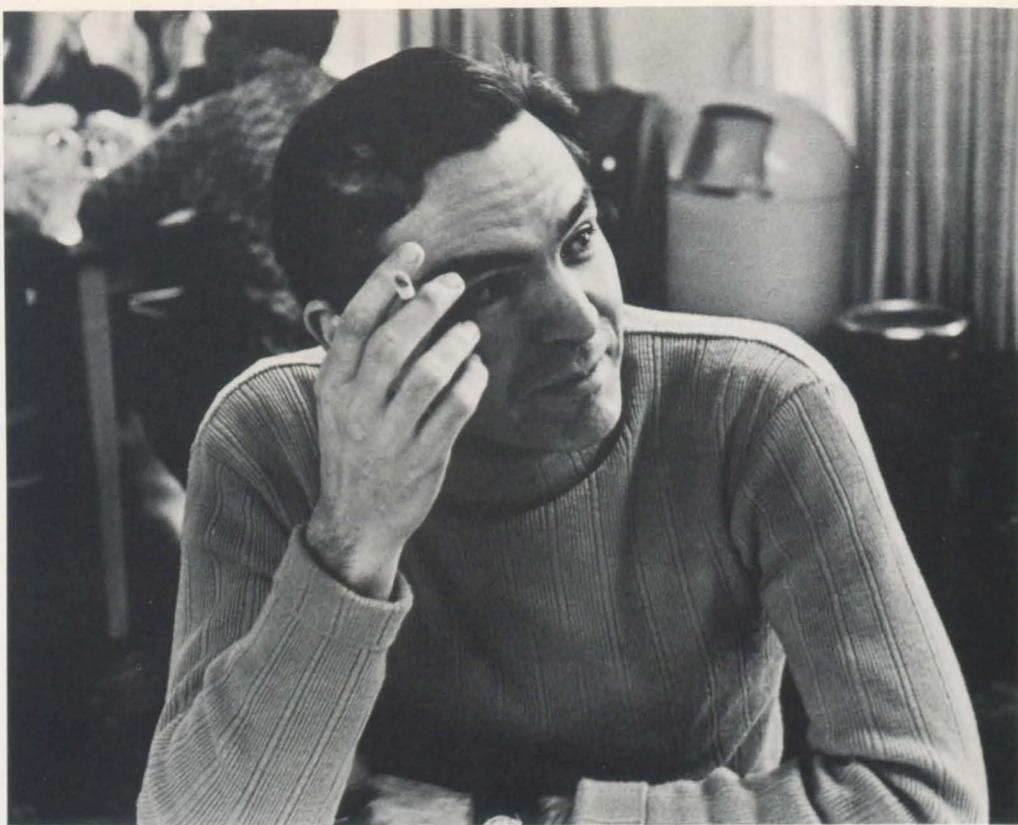






SONG OH RA





LARRY A. KURTZ



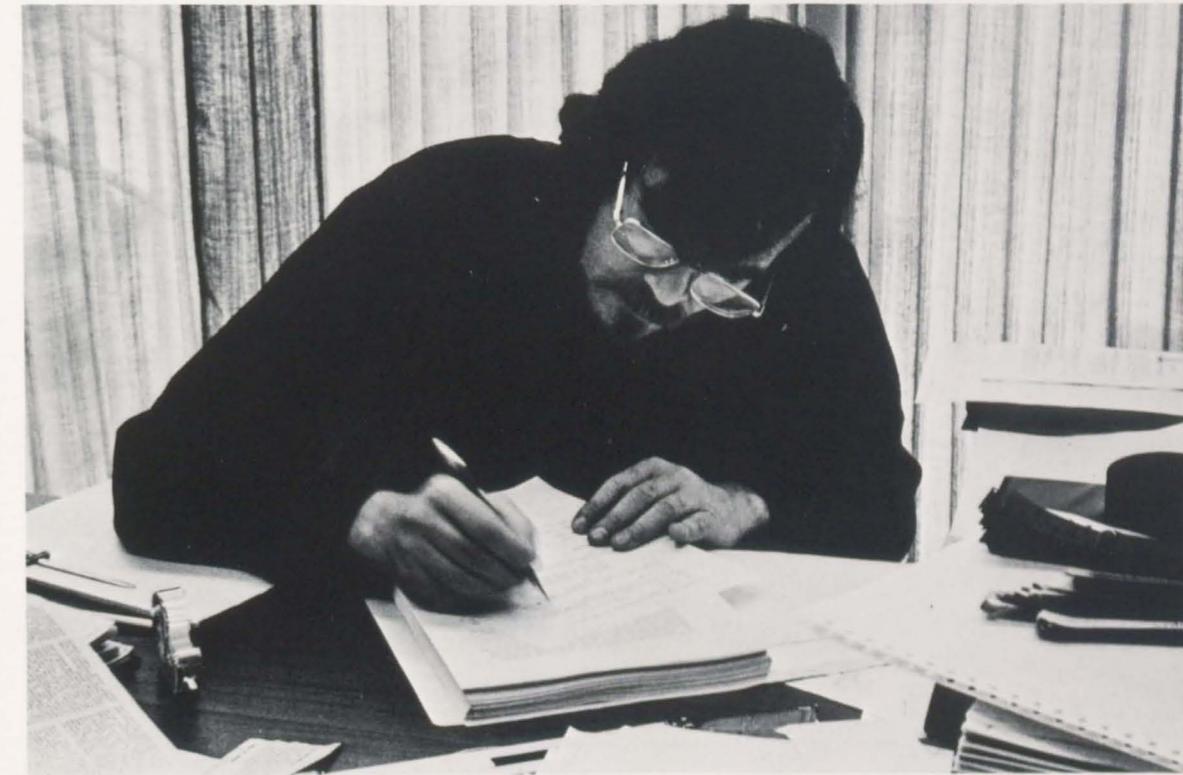
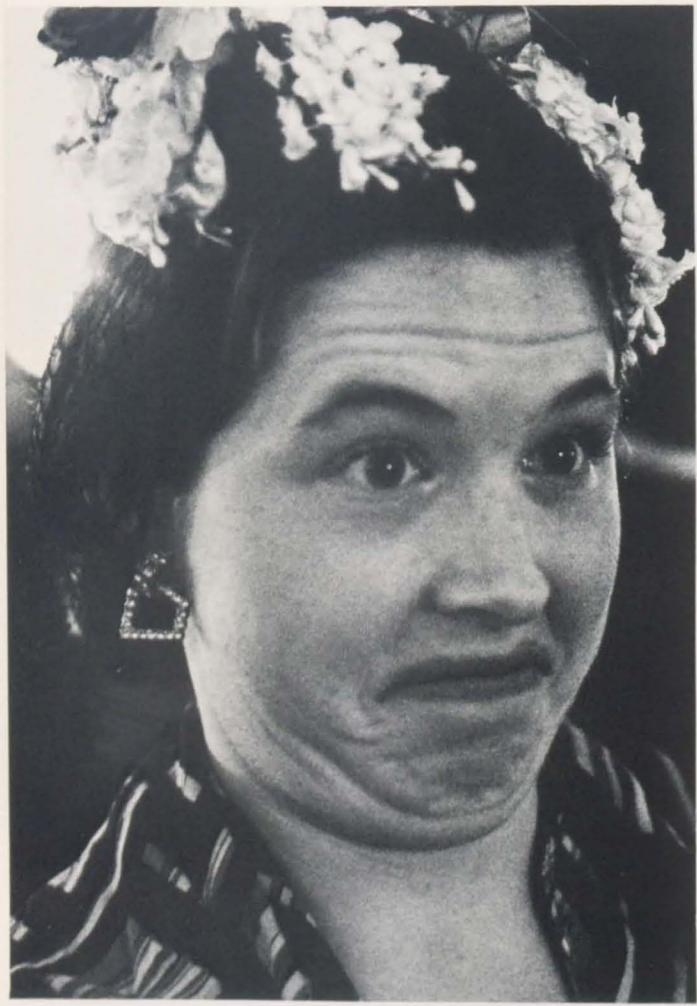
THOMAS R. ATKINS

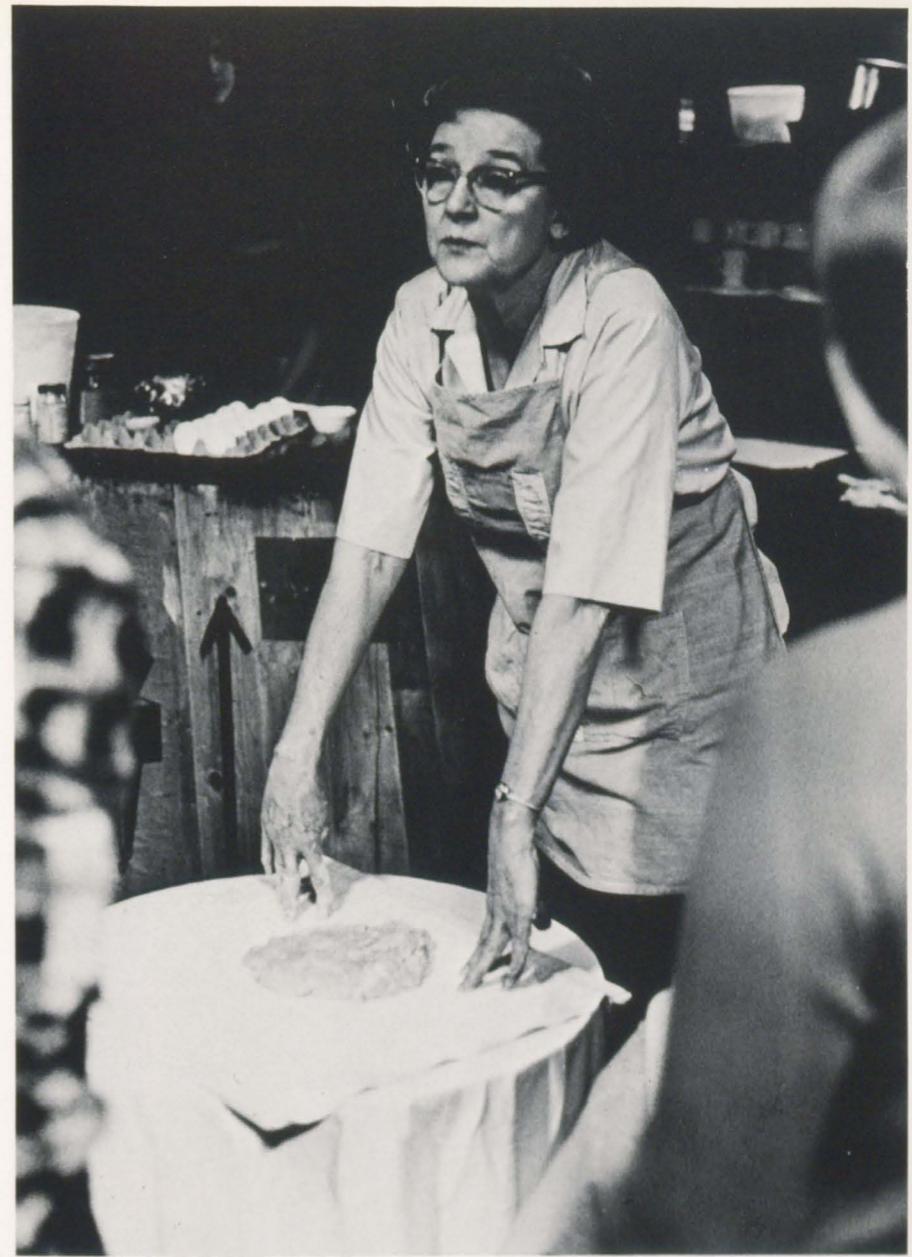


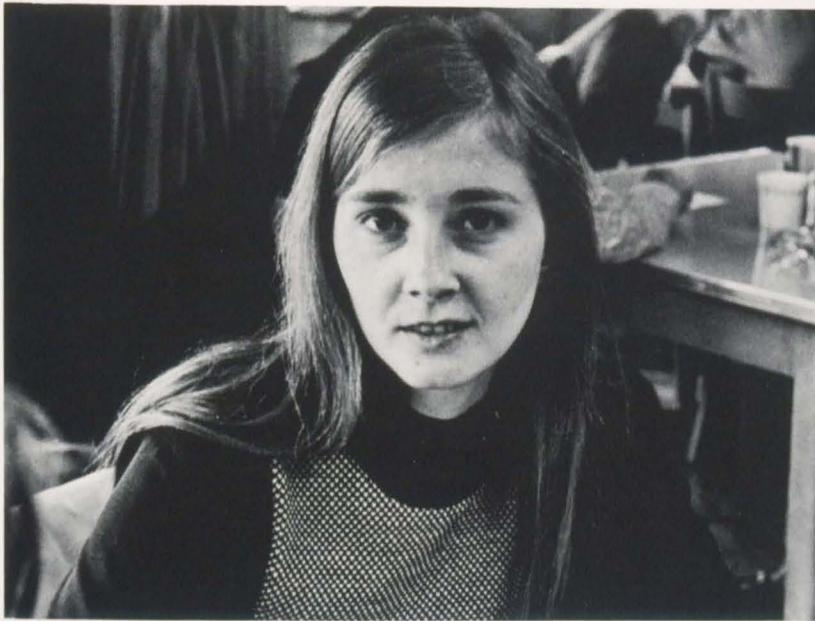
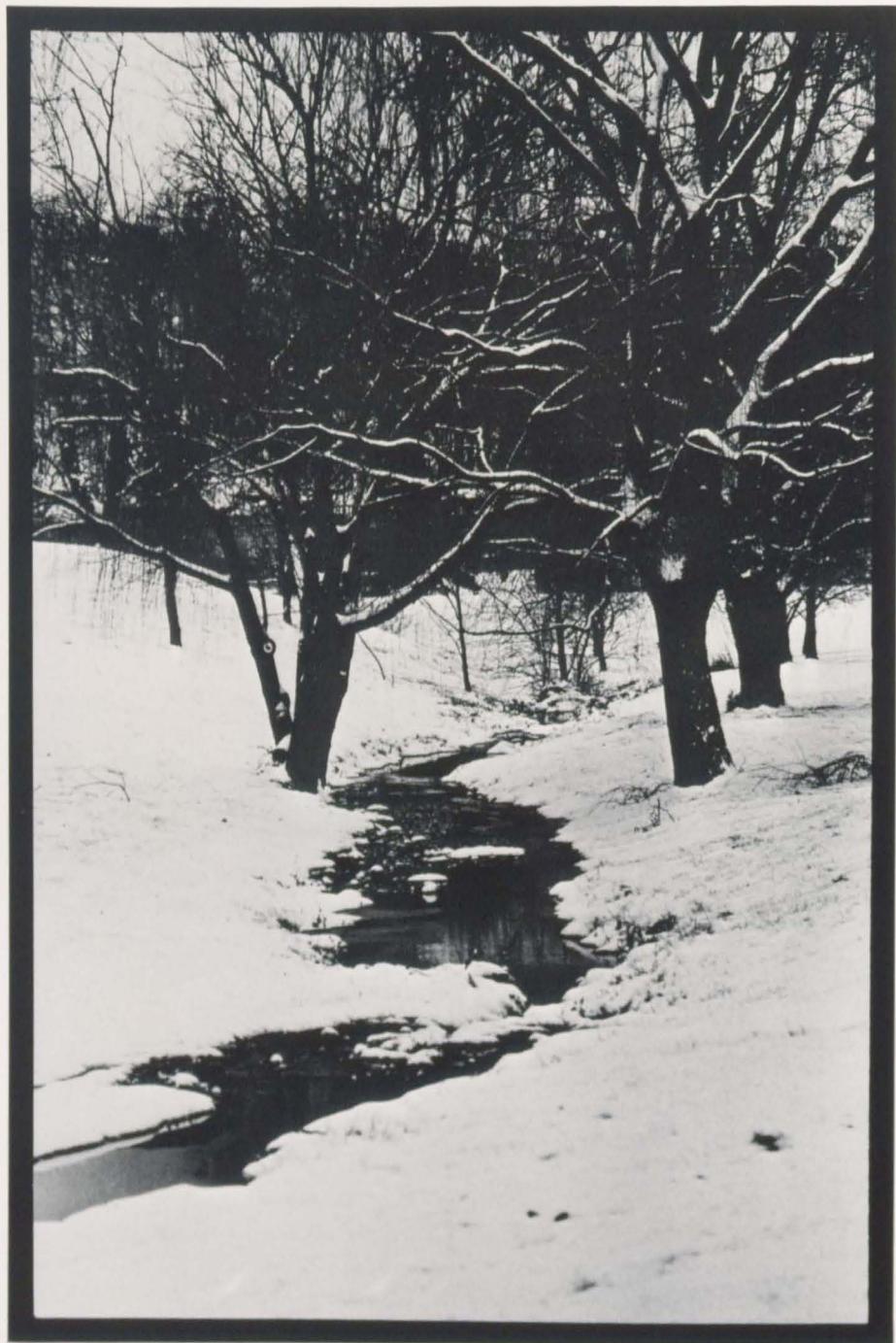
it was only yesterday
i felt the need to play,
but somehow as today rolls by
i find myself sitting here again
dreaming of another time
another place i should have been.
don't you ever find yourself
retreating in your mind,
wondering why familiar things
begin to look unkind.

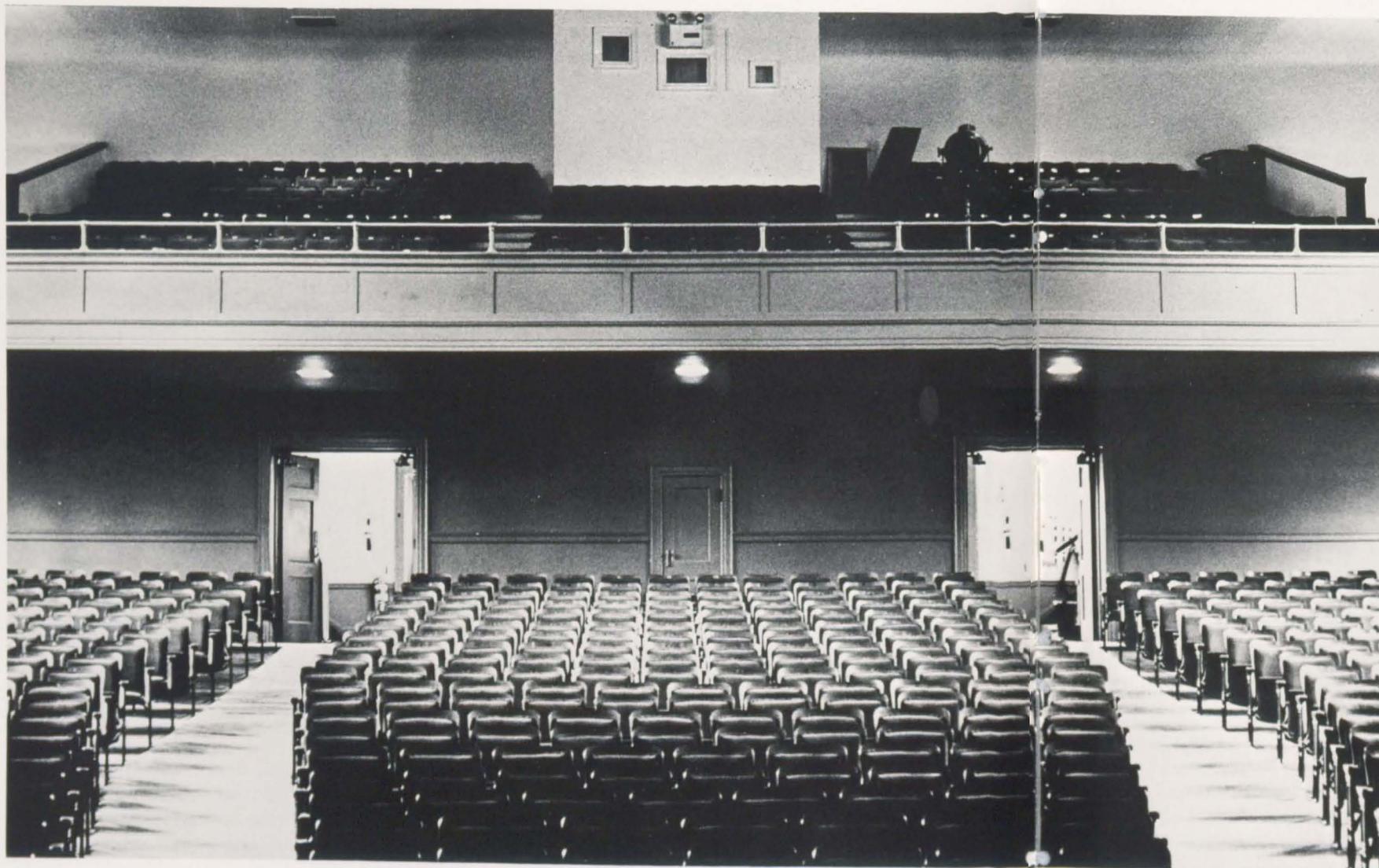
i don't regret the things i've done
or even sitting here alone,
i just regret that i still don't know
what it's like to be at home.
the wind is blowing softly now,
it's telling me goodnight
but i still have some cigarettes left
and too many thoughts i'd have to fight.
who would have ever guessed,
i'd be the one who loved me best.









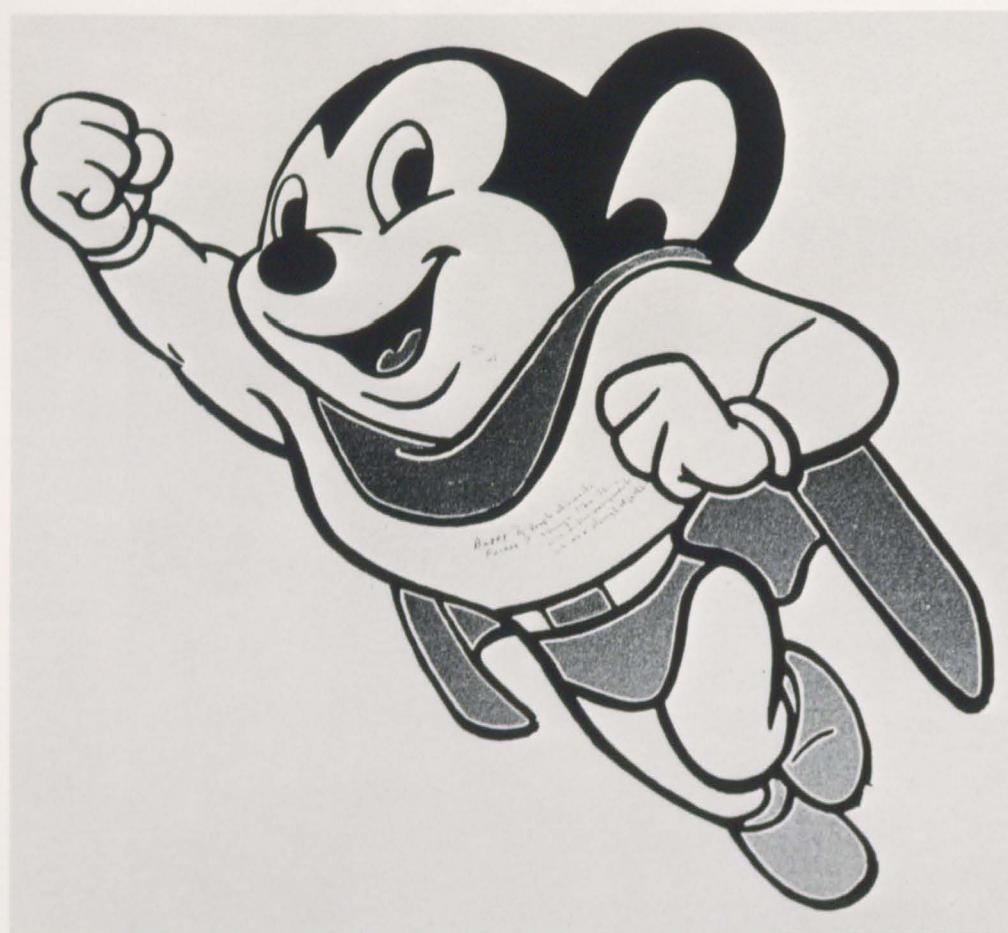


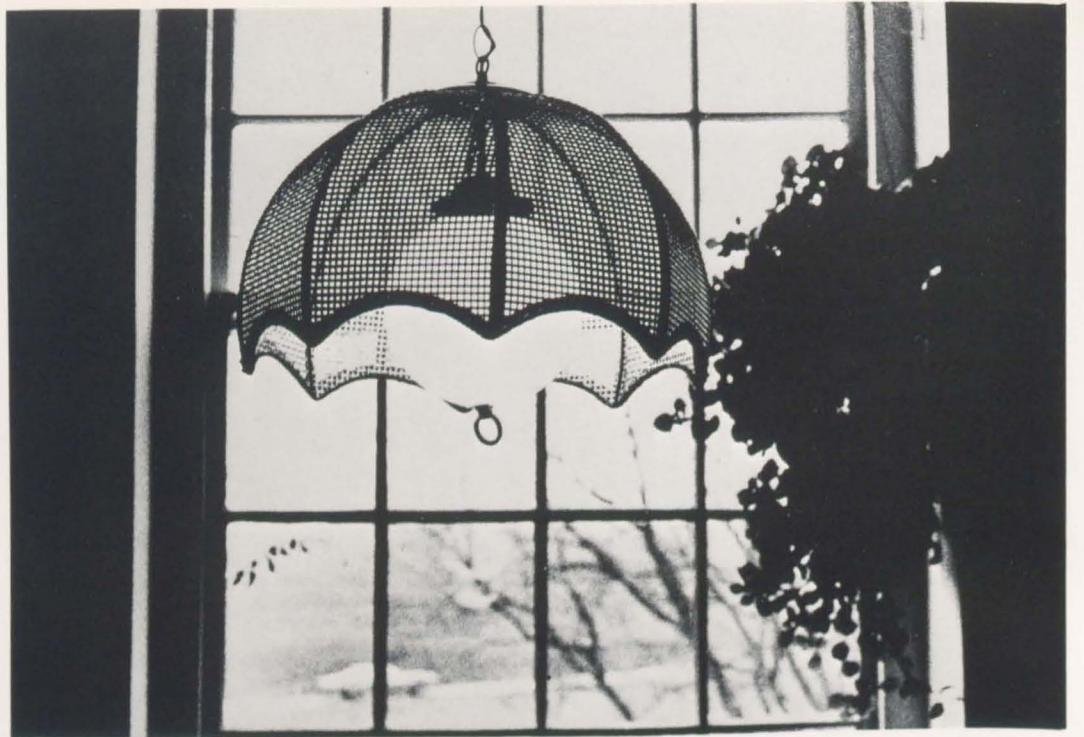


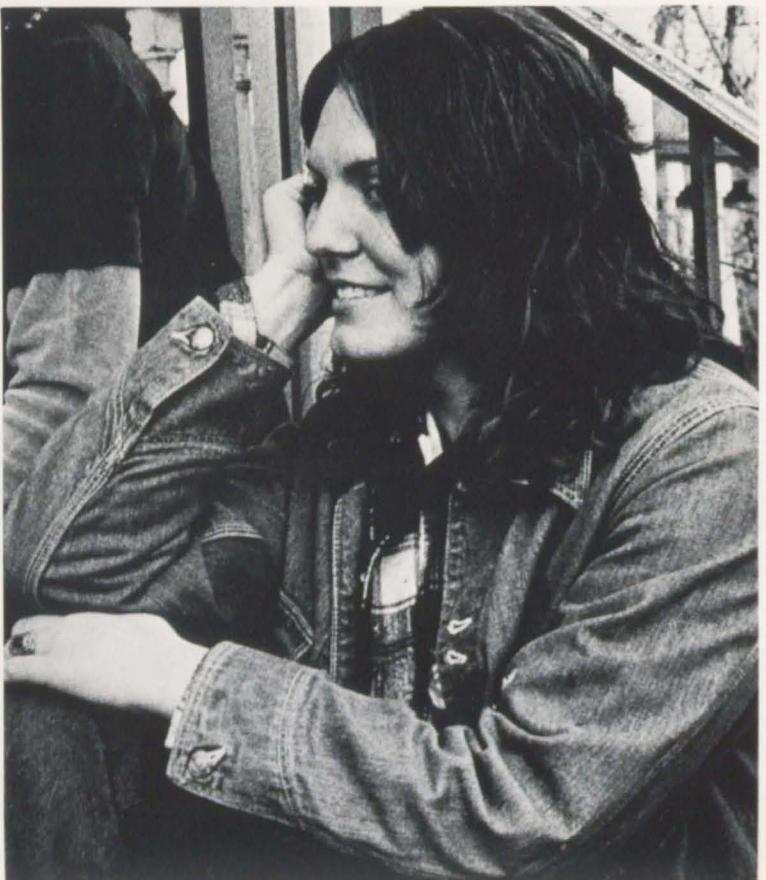


JOHN P. WHEELER











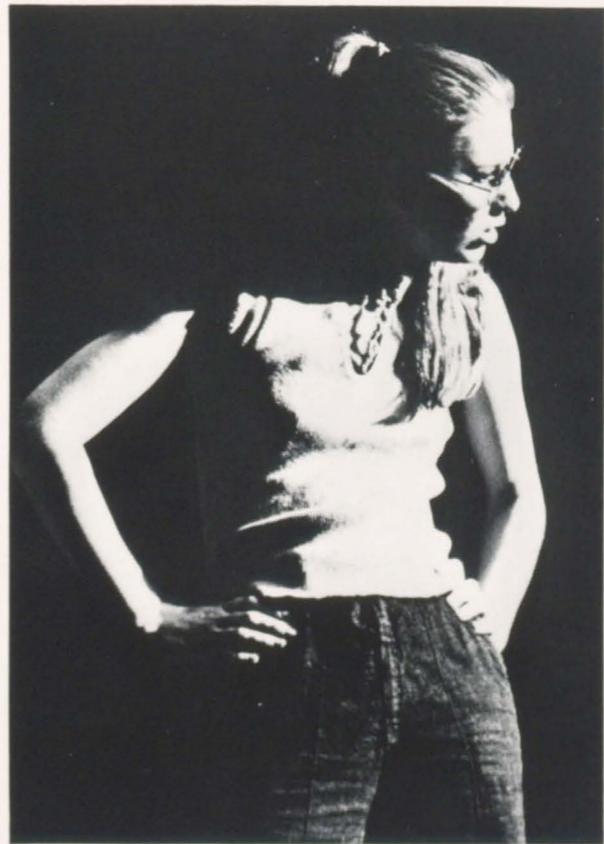






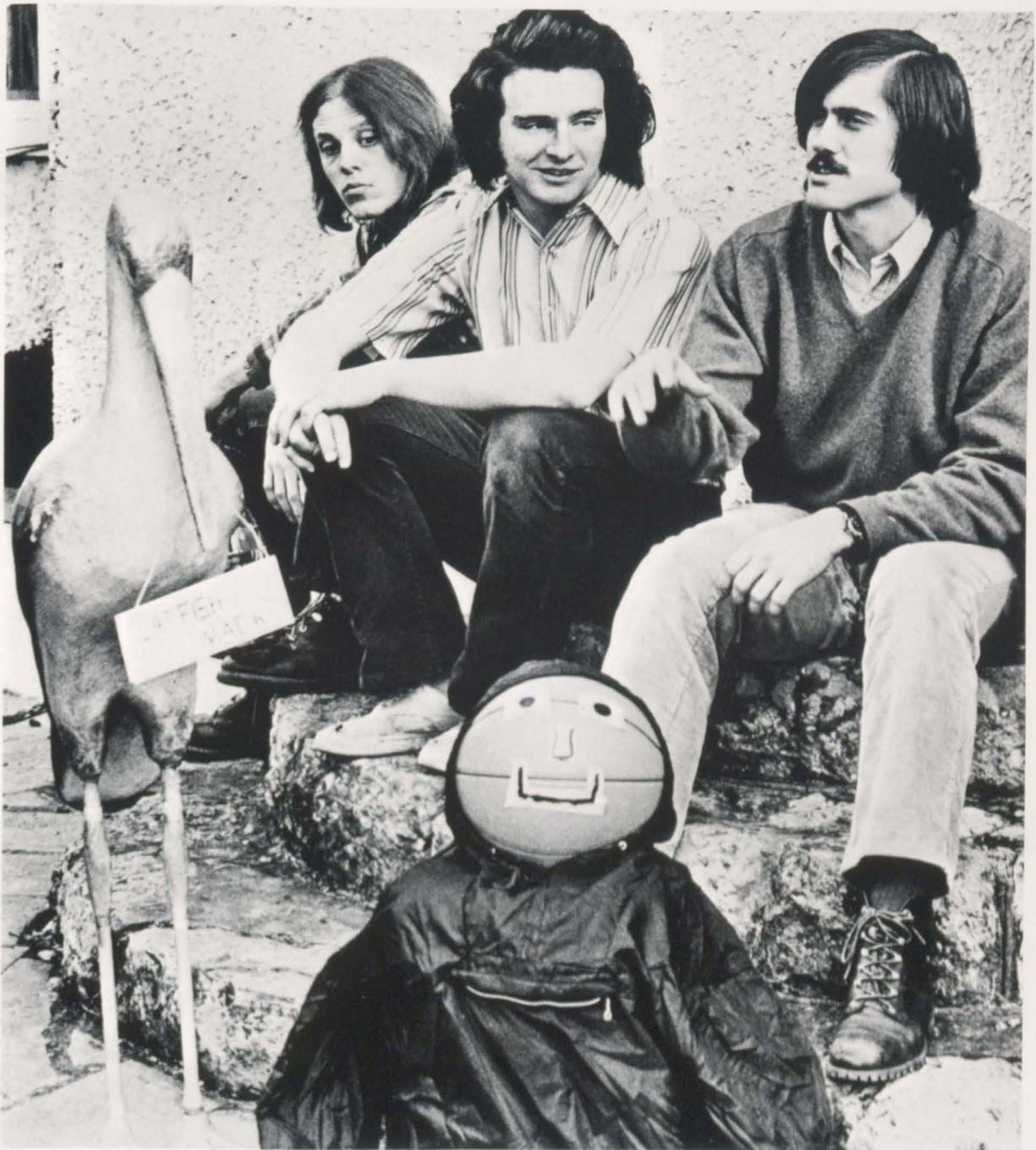
LEFT TO RIGHT JOHN DAVID KIRKWOOD, ANNA D. KIRKWOOD, THOMAS C. KIRKWOOD, DINAH, their dog





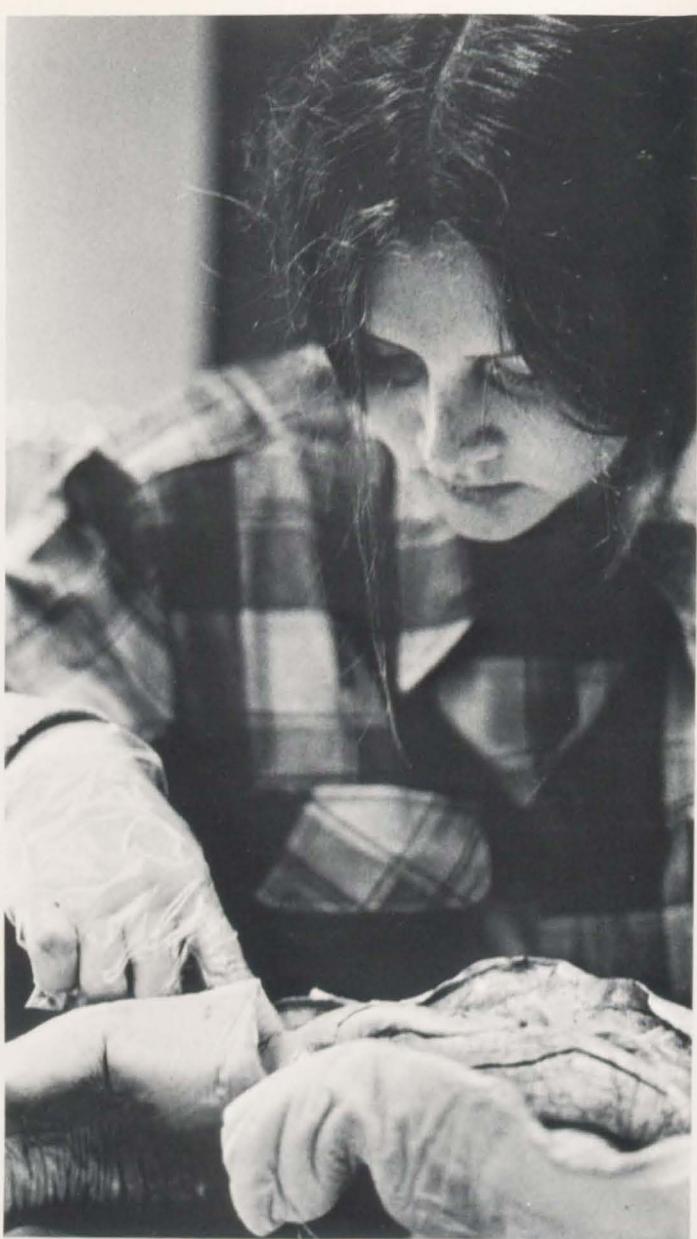
LEFT MARY FARAN WHEELER

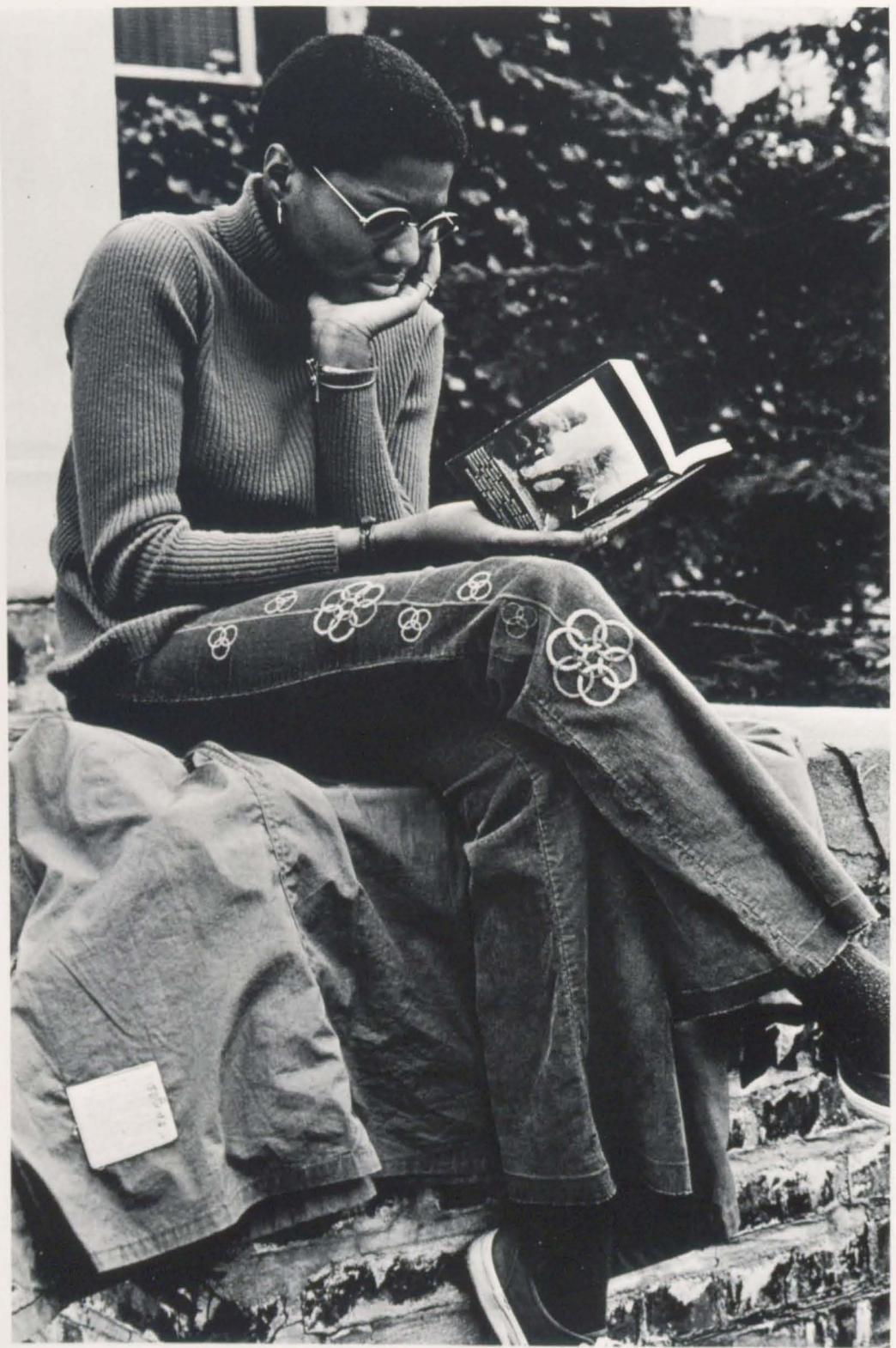




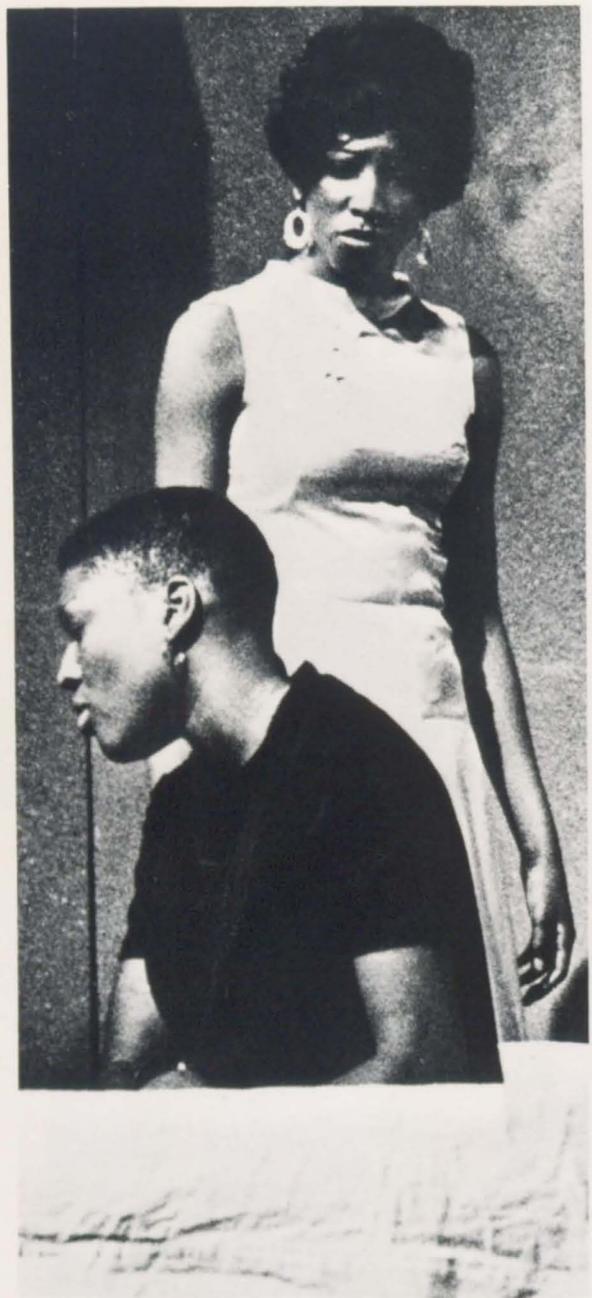




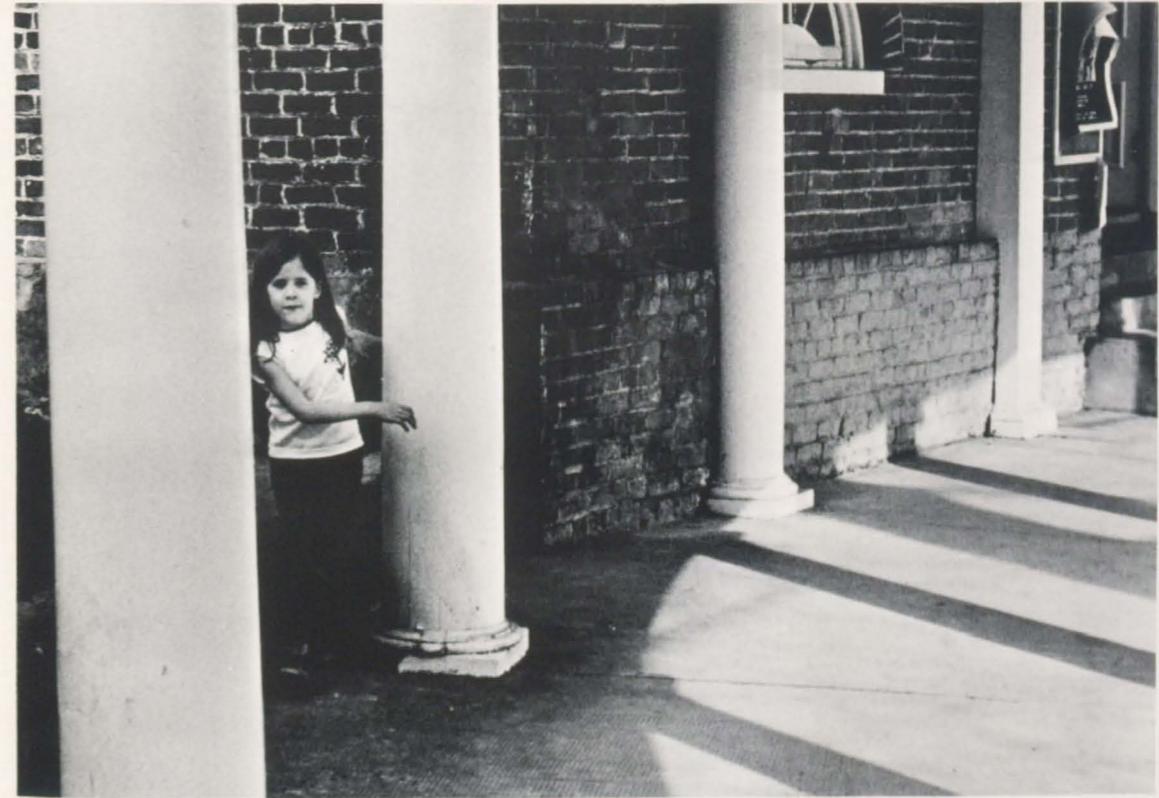
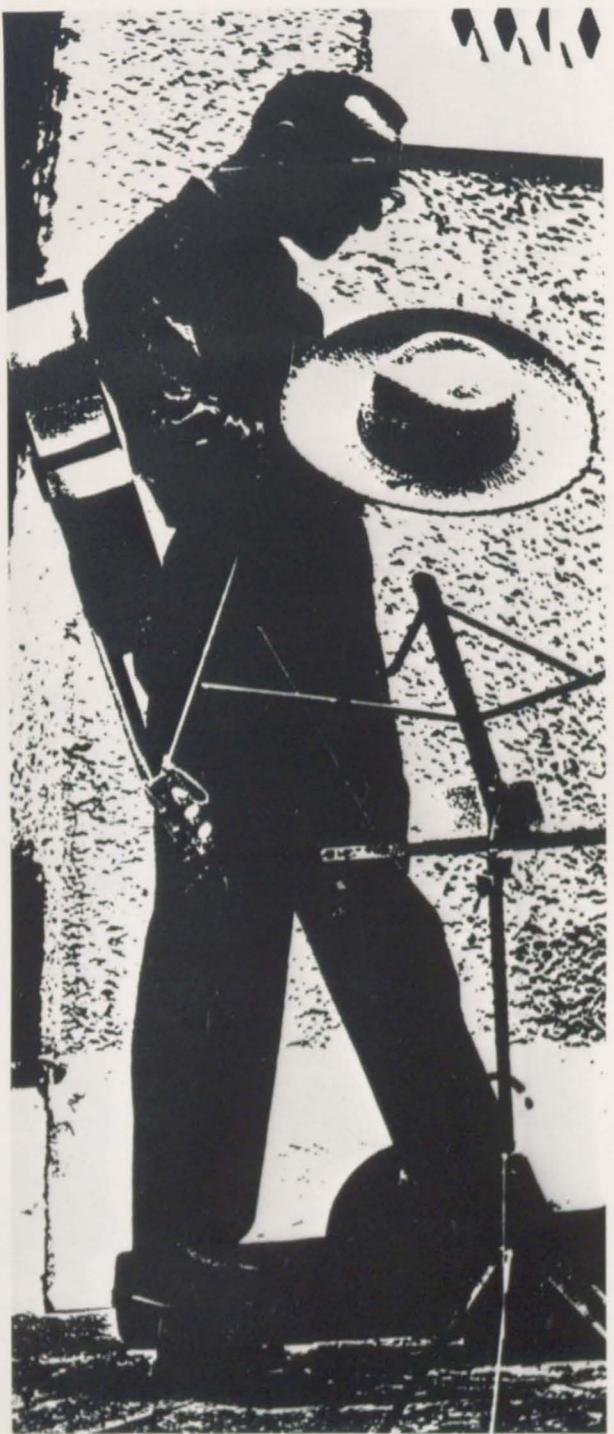








ALFRED CREGGAR

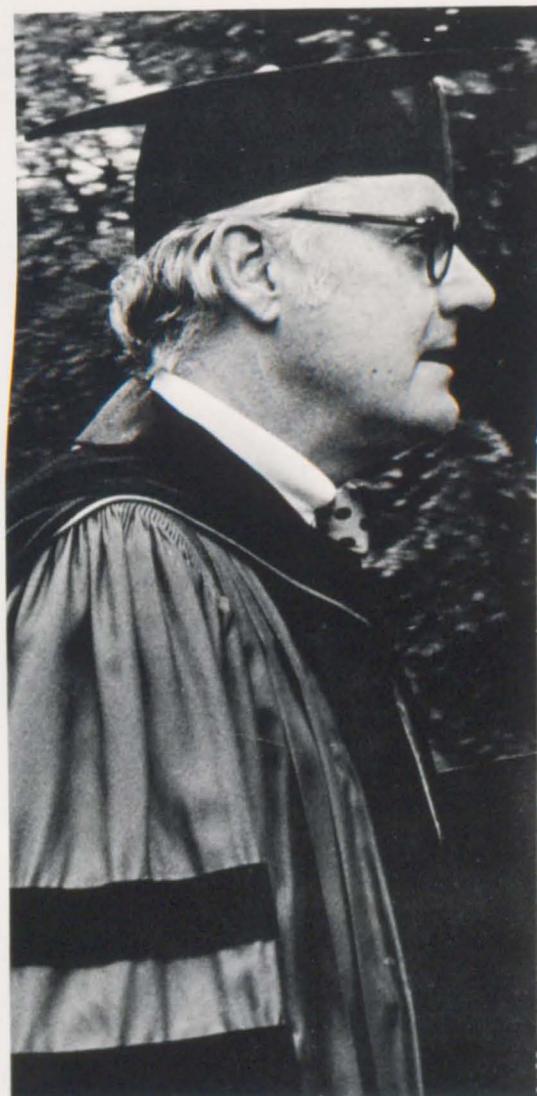




'JAKE'
JOHN P. WHEELER



"JAY"
JOHN A. LOGAN



JESSE ZELDIN



I feel a little blue
cause I can't sew
there's still a lot of things
that I should know
anyone can guess
I don't know how to press
my saturday clothes
and everyone's going home
I feel a little sad to watch them leave
but I'll be cool because I don't believe
the happy times are gone
I can still put on my saturday clothes
every warm body knows
I've got to tell you
that was a swell time
but now I'll take the butts away
and put the glasses on the tray
I'll see you all next saturday
I feel a little off because they're gone
and if my guy were here, I'd still be on
but in a week or two
there's lots of things to do
in my saturday clothes
and everyone's gone home
I've got to tell you
that was a swell time
but now I'll take the butts away
and put the glasses on the tray
I'll see you all next saturday.



a book by laura and jennie